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WAR AND MEDIATION.

SINCE it has become probable that peace will before long be restored by the mediation of the European Powers, the belligerents have been severely censured for the active continuance of hostilities. Yet it is doubtful whether the commanders in the field or the Governments would have acted prudently in proposing an armistice. The terms which may be ultimately granted to Servia will probably be modified by the prospects of the struggle as they may have been disclosed at the moment when the settlement is effected. If it were certain that Alexinatz would fall, or if it were definitively ascertained that the position was impregnable, either the Porte or the Servian Government would be entitled to demand additional advantages from the mediating Powers. It is said that the arguments used by General TCHERNAIEFF in his despatch to Prince MILAN have given much encouragement to the war party in Servia. Nevertheless the best friends of the Servians might reasonably regret any occurrence which should induce them to prolong a useless contest. The success which they obtained against a part of the Turkish army on the sixth or seventh day of the contest in front of Alexinatz might, if it had not been qualified by subsequent reverses, have enabled General TCHERNAIEFF to control the decision of the Government. The original accounts of the victory bore strong marks of exaggeration; and, when it appeared that two or three days later the Turkish General had resumed the offensive, it became evident that the ultimate chances of the struggle had not been materially affected. The determination of Prince MILAN and his Ministers to ask for mediation must have been founded on a careful consideration of the resources at their disposal. The members of the Government cannot but know, and indeed they have received a significant warning from General TCHERNAIEFF, that, whatever may be the result, their own popularity will be seriously compromised by their timely recognition of their inability to prolong the war. The Russian officers will reproach the civilians with pusillanimity, and national vanity will find consolation in the assertion, and eventually in the belief, that the Servian army was checked on the eve of victory. For more than one generation after the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1814, and again in 1815, popular writers continued to persuade credulous Frenchmen that the capital might have been successfully defended after NAPOLEON had been beaten in the field. If the latest accounts from Belgrade are to be trusted, the Servians have once more gained one of those temporary successes the chief effect of which will be to strengthen the hands of the Russian general and the war party.

The only doubt whether the mediation will proceed is suggested by the ambiguous policy of Russia. All pretence of neutrality has long since been discarded, and recruiting for the Servian army is now openly practised, with the tacit sanction of the Government. The General-in-Chief and several of his principal lieutenants are foreigners; and it cannot be doubted that they would prefer their allegiance to their own country to the wishes or formal instructions of the Servian Government. If the numbers have been accurately stated, five hundred Russian officers are now engaged in the campaign, with an assurance that their rank and pay are reserved for them at home, and that their present service will be counted as if it had been performed in their own army. If Turkey were strong enough to pursue an

independent policy, an immediate declaration of war against Russia would be justified by reason and by international law; but the weak must submit to oppression; and the Porte has by its own conduct deprived itself of the protection which has so often been accorded to it against Russian designs. No civilized Government can at present ally itself with those who perpetrated or tolerated the Bulgarian outrages. If the assistance which is given to the Servians were exchanged for open participation in the war, it might be necessary for other Powers, and in the first instance for Austria, to interfere with schemes of Russian conquest. The constant despatch of arms and men to the seat of war is regarded in other countries, as well as in England, as if it were a set-off against the Bulgarian atrocities. It will soon be known whether the Russian Government is disposed to yield to the real or fictitious enthusiasm which it has lately encouraged. The more warlike journals have begun to boast, in answer to an imprudent expression of Lord DERBY'S, that a great Empire can always afford a war, even though financial conditions may at any moment be unfavourable. On the other hand, the Emperor ALEXANDER, with whom the decision altogether rests, is still believed both to wish and to expect a pacific solution. The ostentatious violation of the duties of neutrality may perhaps be a party compromise.

According to one report, the Turkish Government insists as a preliminary condition of negotiation on a formal and direct application for peace by Prince MILAN to the Porte; and it is added that the English Ambassador supports the Turkish demand. It is scarcely probable that the Great Powers, if they really desire to mediate with effect, will allow a point of technical ceremony to defeat their policy. The nominal dependence of the Principality will be maintained on the conclusion of peace; and it matters little whether Prince MILAN acknowledges the feudal relation at the outset of the negotiations. It might be suggested to the Porte, which has always claimed an indefinite superiority over Montenegro, that Prince NIKITA, who has hitherto met with no reverses, will certainly refuse any stipulation which might imply a recognition of Turkish sovereignty; but it is not worth while to rely on argument when the mediating Powers, if they only agree among themselves, can dictate any arrangement which may be thought just and expedient. The difficulty of their task is not in determining terms of peace between Turkey and Servia, nor even in dealing with Montenegro. The pacification of Herzegovina and Bosnia, and the provision of security for the Bulgarians, will be a more complicated undertaking. The proposal that Italy, as being comparatively impartial and disinterested, shall act on behalf of all the Powers, will scarcely be found practicable. Turkey would regard the Italian Government as unfriendly, and neither England nor Austria could agree to be bound by the decision of any foreign State. It is not yet known whether the Governments have proposed to the belligerents a suspension of hostilities. The Turks will probably regard with distaste an armistice which might give the Servians time to reorganize their army; but when the war is once suspended, it will scarcely be renewed. The Servians have within a few weeks acquired sufficient experience of the hardships of war; and they must by this time be fully convinced that at the best they can do little more than act on the defensive. It is said that among the more enlightened classes the designs of Russia are regarded with jealousy; but the mass of the people probably believe in the disinterested goodwill of their protectors.

It is an almost hopeless task to reconcile the conflicting accounts of the contest in front of Alexinatz. According to the last reports from Belgrade, it would seem that, after many fluctuations, the Servians have again achieved a considerable success; it is certain that they have displayed courage and obstinacy, and their confidence has probably, on the whole, been confirmed by the incidents of the conflict. The animosity which they have long felt towards Turkey will be increased by mutual injuries; and although the Servians must have learned that they are scarcely a match for their hereditary enemies, they will find themselves exempt from the penalties which ordinarily follow an unsuccessful war. If the Servian Government had persisted in rejecting overtures for peace, it is doubtful whether they might not have been supported by Russia. The only advantage which the Turks have obtained from the war is the maintenance and increase of their military reputation. By some means which are not fully understood, money has been found for the expenses of the war, and some of the generals appear to have displayed creditable ability. The Ministers at Constantinople have thus far suppressed or concealed the dissensions which are supposed to exist within their own body, nor have they been deterred from the vigorous prosecution of the war by the enormous embarrassment which must have arisen from the hopeless incapacity of the SULTAN. It was impossible to anticipate, when ABDUL AZIZ was dethroned, that his successor would be overwhelmed by the shock of his sudden elevation. It has now been found necessary to depose MURAD V., after a nominal reign of a few weeks, and the disposition and character of his successor are only subjects of conjecture. If ABDUL HAMID also should be found unfit to reign, the son of the late SULTAN will probably be supported by an active party. Sanguine Turkish patriots may perhaps derive satisfaction from the discovery that a despotic Government can be tolerably administered during the absence or incompetence of the nominal ruler. The present Ministers virtually appointed themselves before the deposition of ABDUL AZIZ, and, unless they should have unexpectedly raised a capable and energetic prince to the vacant throne, they will probably retain office until they quarrel among themselves.

#### CANADA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IF Lord DUFFERIN fails in his efforts to adjust the dispute between Canada and British Columbia, the difficulty may be regarded as insoluble. With the authority and dignity of his high office he combines as fully as any living statesman diplomatic and official experience, tact, temper, and sound practical judgment. He will offend no prejudices, he will make allowance for personal and local susceptibilities, and if he cannot overcome unavoidable obstacles, he will not create artificial impediments to the success of his voluntary mission. Nevertheless it is but too probable that he will find compromise or settlement impracticable. It is a grave disadvantage to a negotiator to know that his principals are in the wrong; and an arbitrator is embarrassed by inability to rely on the performance by either party of the conditions of an award. The representative of the Crown will command a certain respect, but the uncertain and elastic state of colonial sentiment renders every interference on behalf of the Imperial Government difficult and possibly ineffective. The loyalty of Canada is accompanied by an unvarying resolution on the part of the colonists to have their own way, as often as any difference occurs. The present case is further complicated by the provincial relation of British Columbia to Canada. The quarrel affects the validity of the union which was but recently with much difficulty accomplished. The remote settlement on the Pacific coast long hesitated to join the Dominion; and its assent was only granted on definite terms. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues undertook, on behalf of the Canadian Government, to complete within a limited time a railway to connect the Eastern and Western provinces. The enterprise was suggested by the example of the United States in constructing the Pacific Railway which now extends from the Atlantic coast to San Francisco. The Canadian Government perhaps scarcely gave sufficient consideration to the inferiority of colonial resources, to the thinness of population on the proposed route, and to the severer climate of the North. Even the American Pacific

Railway has hitherto failed as a speculation, though it is both politically and commercially advantageous to the Union. The construction of the railway was attended by numerous pecuniary scandals; and the line might figuratively be said to be ballasted with broken reputations. In this respect, if in no other, it was easy for Canada to imitate a bad example.

The English Government, feeling a strong and legitimate desire for the union of all the North American provinces, undertook to guarantee a loan for a portion of the necessary expenditure. One of the principal capitalists of Canada was employed in financial negotiations in London; and, unfortunately, the Canadian PRIME MINISTER and some of his colleagues became personally compromised in the transactions of their agent. It was found impossible to raise the large sum which would have been required for the construction of the railway; and the disclosure of some irregular bargains with the contractor led to the retirement of Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his Ministry from office. His successor, Mr. MACKENZIE, had opposed the project of the railway; and the incoming Government soon announced its intention of abandoning the enterprise. A distinct breach of contract with British Columbia could only be excused by the impossibility of completing the bargain. The province was naturally slow to admit the necessity of incurring serious disappointment; but, after long negotiation, Lord CARNARVON induced British Columbia to acquiesce in an alternative and less advantageous plan. The Canadian Government, in consideration of a release from the obligation of making the railroad, agreed to make a waggon-road for a part of the distance, and to construct a considerable extent of railroad within the province. The second arrangement has now shared the fate of the first, although the Canadian House of Commons voted the necessary supplies. The Bill was, apparently with the connivance of the Ministers, lost in the Council; and now a third offer is made of a lump sum of a quarter of a million in satisfaction of all the claims of the province. There is no security that the damages which are tendered will be paid; and, although a money compromise would perhaps not be inexpedient, the Legislature and Government of British Columbia regard the Canadian offer as wholly inadequate. They allege that the railway which the Government of the Dominion undertook to construct would have cost several millions; and that the expenditure of large sums on labour would have been immediately advantageous to the district. In default of a more liberal arrangement, British Columbia claims to be released from the federal connexion to which it had assented. The conditions of the original bargain have evidently been violated, and the contention that the contract is void is therefore plausible, if not convincing.

According to the analogy of English law, a court would probably hold that the union was irrevocable, and that the Canadian Government was bound either to comply with the terms of the contract or to make full compensation for failure; but English colonies are almost equally independent with sovereign States of coercive jurisdiction. Lord DUFFERIN's task is rather diplomatic than judicial, inasmuch as it is necessary that both parties should concur in any valid settlement. British Columbia cannot compel Canada to do justice; and, on the other hand, the Government of the Dominion has no means of enforcing the maintenance of the federal relation. It is alleged, perhaps on insufficient grounds, that the settlers of Upper Canada are not anxious to facilitate by the construction of roads or railways the passage of European immigrants to the rich lands of the Pacific coast; but their experience of the competition of the Western States ought to have shown the impossibility of stopping immigrants on their way to a chosen place of settlement. The French of Lower Canada are supposed to dislike an increase of the English and Protestant population; but as long as the Eastern provinces are only sprinkled with settlers, it seems unreasonable to cultivate a jealousy of the remote districts on the Pacific. It must be obvious to intelligent colonists that, in proportion to its economical advantages, British Columbia will increase in prosperity and population with the aid either of Canada or of the United States. Patriotism would suggest the expediency of cultivating the connexion which is one of the conditions of the future national greatness of Canada; but it is useless to appeal to Canadian ambition if it is not sufficiently active to prevail over petty motives and calculations.

It is for the English Cabinet to determine, if the case



unfortunately arises, whether the consent of the Crown shall be given to the withdrawal of British Columbia from the union with Canada; but the decision of a difficult and dangerous question ought, if possible, to be evaded. Even if the Canadians were previously indifferent to the maintenance of the present connexion, they would find a grievance in the infringement of the integrity of the Dominion. On the other hand, neither England nor Canada nor both together could prevent the secession of British Columbia, either from the Dominion or from the Empire. According to the well-established policy of England, the Colonies are only retained as long as the connexion is voluntary. It would be absurd, if it were not impossible, to employ for the maintenance of the unity of the Canadian Dominion means which have been by anticipation renounced as inapplicable to the assertion of the integrity of the Empire. The independence of British Columbia would be followed after no long interval by annexation to the American Union; nor would there be any ground for resenting an arrangement between two foreign communities. If Lord DUFFERIN fails to satisfy the inhabitants of the province, he may probably be able to secure a reasonable delay before the adoption of any irrevocable measure. On his return to Ottawa he will have to conduct a negotiation with his own advisers, who still command the Parliamentary majority by which they have been kept in power for three years. It may be a question whether their popularity would not be endangered by any display of indifference to the risk of mutilating the Dominion. Sir JOHN MACDONALD was supported by the Parliament of his day when he engaged to pay a high price for the adhesion of British Columbia to the Union. The same reasons which then recommended his policy may still influence colonial opinion. Since the establishment of the novel system of responsible government, the duties of a Colonial Governor have changed their character. While an Indian Viceroy or a Governor of a Crown Colony is charged mainly with administrative functions, a Governor-General of Canada, or the holder of a similar office in Australia, is something between a constitutional King and a resident Ambassador. Lord DUFFERIN has at all times to keep his own Parliament and his Ministers in good humour; and on occasions like the present he finds it necessary to patch up their blunders. His prospects of success in the pending negotiation are not encouraging.

#### THE THUNDERER INQUEST.

THE Coroner's inquest on the forty-five persons who were killed by the explosion on board the *Thunderer* has resulted in a verdict of "accidental death," with a confused and clumsily worded postscript stating that "the explosion resulted from excessive pressure upon the boiler, consequent upon the generation of steam in it, the stop-valve of the boiler being shut when the safety-valves of that boiler were inspected. The accident, therefore, is due to the sticking of the safety-valves from the contraction of their metal seats, but the stop-valve being closed we consider as contributory to the accident." Any one who has read the scientific evidence can have no difficulty in understanding what the jury meant; but the muddle-headed way in which the opinion is conveyed is highly characteristic of such a body. The phrase "consequent upon the generation of steam" would almost seem to suggest that the use of the boiler for this purpose was the original cause of the disaster; and so, in a sense, it was. Of course the explosion really arose from the generation of steam in a cylinder, containing over sixteen tons of water, which was hermetically sealed by the closing of the stop-valve and the sticking of the safety-valves. The sticking of the latter by itself, however, would not have mattered much if the stop-valve had not also been closed, for all the boilers would then have been in connexion. It was the combination of the sticking of the safety-valves with the closing of the stop-valve which produced the fatal pressure. In spite of the stupid wording of the verdict, it may be admitted that, as far as it goes, it is sound enough in substance, being, in fact, in accordance with the scientific evidence as to the mechanical circumstances of the explosion. The objection to the verdict is, that it deals with only one part of the question involved in the case, and entirely neglects the main point to be determined. To say that the explosion on board

the *Thunderer* was due to certain derangements of machinery carries us only a little way. Such derangements could not have been automatic, and therefore it is necessary to know to whose carelessness or incapacity these extraordinary blunders were due. But on this point the jury is curiously silent. In the Balham inquest the jury found that a man had been murdered, but admitted that they could not say who murdered him. In the present instance the jury find that the explosion was caused by excessive pressure, but wholly ignore the question as to who is guilty of having brought about this pressure, unless indeed it is meant to be understood that the safety-valves and the stop-valve were the only culprits, and that human agency had no sort of connexion with the matter. It may readily be believed that the closing of the stop-valve and the defective action of the safety-valves were accidents—that is to say, not intentional; but somebody must have been responsible for these defects in a part of the machinery on which the safety of the ship and the lives of the crew depended.

There can be no doubt that the scientific evidence is decisive as to the immediate cause of the accident. It is ascribed, not to any weakness in the boiler, but to the excessive pressure of steam inside it. The result of the careful examination and experiments made by Mr. BRAMWELL and other experts was to show that the structure of the boiler was good; that the iron of which it was composed was able to resist a breaking strain much beyond the standard required by the Admiralty; and that there were no signs of want or excess of water. The boiler burst simply because it could not withstand the violent pressure of steam to which it was exposed. Indeed Mr. BRAMWELL has gone so far as to say that, under the circumstances, the great strength of the boiler, and its power of resistance, made the disaster more serious by allowing the accumulation of steam to rise to such a head. It may be doubted, however, whether Mr. BRAMWELL's calculations on this point are not somewhat exaggerated. He assumed that, with the fires in even moderate action, the water in the boiler would in a second of time generate a force sufficient to raise 2,000 tons one foot high, and that in five seconds it would represent an energy equal to that which would be evolved by the firing of one of the *Thunderer's* 35-ton guns. Moreover, he stated that this would go on continuously increasing at the rate of 8 lbs. a minute at 30 lbs. pressure, and over 11 at 60. If this calculation is correct, the wonder is that, with such a pressure, the ship was not torn asunder. The accident being thus traced to the excessive action of the steam, the question is how this arose. Here, again, there seems to be no doubt as to the facts. The two safety-valves had both stuck fast, and the main stop-valve of the boiler was also closed, and there was therefore no escape for the steam. In point of fact, the steam was bottled up in the boiler, and it was only a question of time when the increasing pressure of the steam would overcome the resistance of the iron. The fires had been lighted at 10.15, steam was up about 11, and the explosion took place at a few minutes after 1. All this time nobody knew what mischief was going on. It was blindly assumed by those in charge that the safety-valves were all right, and that the stop-valve was open, and even the warning given by the eccentricities of the pressure-gauge appears to have been neglected. It has since been discovered that the safety-valves had stuck, partly because they were too tight, and did not allow sufficient clearance, and partly on account of being heated; and that it had been forgotten to open the stop-valve. There seems to have been a suspicion in some minds that the closing of the stop-valve was a deliberate act of "jockeying" on the part of the contractors or some of their men, in order to force the working of the boiler, so that the trial at the mile might make a good show; but the scientific witnesses gave no countenance to this theory, and, apart from the honourable reputation of the firm, it is scarcely credible that they would play such a trick without keeping an eye on its operation, so as to check it before it endangered the boiler, and possibly the whole ship. It is much more probable that the disaster was due to some "oversight," as the CORONER mildly put it; and here we enter upon a fresh branch of the subject.

It having been ascertained that the explosion was the result of excessive pressure on the boiler caused by the two safety-valves being stuck and the stop-valve closed, the question is who is responsible for these fatal blunders. It

appears to be the usual practice of the Admiralty to fasten upon the contractors the whole responsibility of keeping machinery in order up to the time when the regulation tests have been passed, and the machinery formally accepted by the authorities. In the case, however, of the *Thunderer* an exception—the only case on record—was made from this rule. On the 5th of April, 1873, the Admiralty notified to the contractors that they would be relieved of “the expense and responsibility of keeping the engines of the *Thunderer* in order” until the trial at the measured mile. This trial usually takes place within a short time after the machinery is fitted up; but here, again, we find that the *Thunderer* was treated exceptionally. The greater part of the machinery of the *Thunderer* was supplied in 1873, but remained for three years without being tried. During this period the ship was of course mostly in dock, and the machinery scarcely at all used. It was supposed to be in the keeping of the Steam Reserve; but Mr. OLIVER, chief inspector of machinery afloat, said “the machinery was never in the Steam Reserve proper,” and the evidence seems to show that it was looked after by the Admiralty officials in a very casual and offhand way. Mr. OLIVER admitted that he had never opened the safety-valve boxes, or seen the valves, during the three years previous to the explosion. In May last the chief engineer left the ship, and another was appointed; but, according to Mr. WEEKES, one of the engineers, there was no examination of boilers, such as is prescribed by the regulations, when the new official came in. Captain WADDILOVE, in charge of the Steam Reserve, used a significant expression in his evidence which also suggests a somewhat blind confidence. “His general impression,” he said, “was ‘that if they got their engines from Messrs. HUMPHREYS and TENNANT they were safe.’” It may be thought that the frame of mind in which a certain conclusion is assumed at the beginning as a matter of course is not exactly conducive to that vigilance and careful testing upon which the safety of a ship depends. The *Thunderer* had three years ago steamed quietly over from Pembroke, where she was built, to Portsmouth, and had since only gone through certain small preliminary trials. During this period, therefore, the ship was practically laid up, and everybody knows how machinery deteriorates when not in regular use. There ought undoubtedly to have been a close and thorough overhauling of the machinery under the care of responsible officers before it was placed at the command of the contractors for trial at the measured mile; but this seems not to have been done. There was a ceremony of having the valves occasionally tried, but the examination was not carried out in a conclusive manner; and, as far as actual working went, the ship had not been subjected to any serious strain. It would appear that when the contractors again obtained command of the vessel for the trial, they assumed that the Admiralty had taken care to see that it was in all respects in a perfect condition, and did not trouble themselves with any elaborate examination on their own account. The relative responsibility of the Admiralty and contractors in this respect evidently demands further inquiry.

There is naturally a difficulty in such a case in ascertaining what was the actual condition of the machinery before the explosion; but an impression is produced that the sticking of the safety-valves was due to the quiescent state in which they had so long remained. As Mr. BRANWELL clearly showed, a defect of this kind in the safety-valves would not of itself have produced an explosion, and the main responsibility therefore rests upon the contractors, whose people left the stop-valve sealed when it ought to have been open. We have already said that it can hardly be supposed that this was intentional; but at any rate it was an act of the grossest carelessness and neglect, and it is astonishing that it should be passed over without a single syllable of reprobation. It will also be observed that, while the inquiry was full and exhaustive in regard to all questions of mechanism, the rest of the case, as to the conduct of persons in charge of the machinery, was very imperfectly gone into. Indeed, the CORONER even interposed in order to deprecate the examination of the contractor's principal agent. The fact that the CORONER in this case is the same who, although in the employment of the Admiralty, presided at the first inquest on the *Mistletoe* disaster, and was too timid to sum up the evidence, will probably not increase public confidence in the proceedings.

The disclosures in this inquiry recall attention painfully to the derangement of steam-whistles, and the stiffness of the doors of the water-tight compartments,

which led to the loss of the *Vanguard*, and also to the extraordinary engineering blunder of putting the label “shut” upon valves open to the sea, which placed the *Iron Duke* for a time in serious peril; and certainly all this does not encourage a hopeful view of the management of our large ironclads at sea. Mr. HARDING, one of the contractors' foremen, estimated that there were at least five hundred stopcocks or valves in the *Thunderer*; and he also offered the comforting remark that “it was quite possible even for a careful and competent man in testing the safety-valves to think he had raised them from their seats when he had not done so.” Various remedies have been suggested as to the means of giving greater certainty to the movements of safety-valves, but many people will think that this is a point as to which, from the first, there should have been no possibility of mistake, considering the awful consequences of any error. It is true that in this case, as in that of the *Vanguard*, the conduct of the crew after the accident displayed excellent discipline and noble courage, and fully deserved all that was said about it at the inquest. Unhappily, however, the state of things revealed in these disasters also suggests that the practical value of a navy of heroes is much deteriorated by the perils to which they appear to be constantly exposed through mismanagement and neglect, even in time of peace.

#### LORD LYTTON ON MR. FULLER'S CASE.

THE feeling which prompted Lord LYTTON's Minute on the “FULLER Case” is one which deserves cordial sympathy. The “practice of European masters treating their native servants in a manner in which they would not treat men of their own race” fully merits the strong disapproval expressed by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Under any circumstances it would be a cowardly practice; and if Lord LYTTON is right in assuming that the liability of Asiatics to an internal disease which often renders even a slight external shock fatal to life is known to all residents in India, it is a murderous practice into the bargain. It is part of that general system of treating natives as inferior creatures which Lord SALISBURY justly censured some time back, and which seems unfortunately to be so ingrained in some sections of Anglo-Indian society that no censure, however strong or however biting, can be stronger or more biting than the occasion demands. That the publication of the Minute has caused extreme irritation among the English in India perhaps proves that something of the kind was wanted. A community which cannot bear to hear its vices reproved is on the high road towards a condition in which it will need something more than words to bring it to a better mind; but then the censure may be thought too sweeping. As regards the conduct of Mr. FULLER himself, as well as of the magistrate who tried him, the Minute is quite fair. In both respects the case is “injurious to the honour of British rule,” and “damaging to the reputation of British justice.”

It is to be regretted, however, that the VICEROY did not confine his censures to the two persons whose acts were plainly and fairly open to them. The Government of India had directed the local Government to take the opinion of the High Court of the North-Western Provinces upon the case; and the Court had thereupon declared that the sentence passed by the magistrate on Mr. FULLER was “not especially open to objection.” Speaking simply as critics, we find it difficult to understand what the Court would consider a sentence especially open to objection. If Mr. LEEDS had acquitted Mr. FULLER, the Court might have held that he was the sole judge of the fact, and that in that capacity no superior tribunal had any right to interfere with him. But Mr. LEEDS had conceded the fact of the assault by sentencing Mr. FULLER to a fine of 3*l*. What he had not done was to take any notice of the circumstance—upon any supposition an aggravating circumstance—that the assault had been followed by death. Any sentence short of the highest penalty which the Indian Penal Code awards for voluntarily causing hurt would have been open to objection; and, considering that Mr. LEEDS had undoubtedly the power to imprison Mr. FULLER for a year and to fine him 100*l*., a sentence which inflicts no imprisonment and limits the fine to 3*l*. is undoubtedly especially open to objection. But the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council cannot speak as a simple critic. The Supreme Executive authority cannot formally condemn the action of the High Court of a province without



bringing the justice which that Court administers into disrepute. If the Executive is dissatisfied with the exposition of the law which the Court has given, it has an appropriate way of making that dissatisfaction felt. It can appeal to the Legislature to alter the law so as to make it impossible that similar expositions shall be given in the future. In the present instance there was no need for the VICEROY thus to bring himself into collision with the Court. It would have been open to him to form the opinion of Mr. LEEDS' conduct which he did form after all, to have expressed it in the same terms, and to have visited it with the same penalty without consulting any Court. When, however, the opinion of the provincial High Court had been expressly asked, it was certainly incumbent on the VICEROY either to accept it without demur, or to treat it as non-existent, and to deal with the facts as though it had never been given; which of these alternatives Lord LYTON ought to have taken depends on the degree of publicity attaching to the reference to the Court. If the reference was public, it should have entailed submission to the opinion. If the reference was private, the opinion might have been regarded as a mere contribution to the VICEROY's ultimate conclusion, to be estimated at its intrinsic worth.

The Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times* enters into an elaborate argument to prove that the VICEROY's censure of Mr. LEEDS is in one important respect unsustained by the Penal Code. Lord LYTON considers that the magistrate ought not to have tried the case himself. His plain duty, says the *Minute*, was to have committed Mr. FULLER for trial for the more grievous offence of voluntarily causing grievous hurt or of culpable homicide. This the *Times*' Correspondent characterizes as an "extraordinary misapprehension of law," and he justifies his description by a reference to the definitions of voluntarily causing grievous hurt and of culpable homicide given in the Penal Code. In order to constitute the offence of voluntarily causing grievous hurt, there must be both grievous hurt caused and an intention to cause it, or at least a knowledge that it probably will be caused. In order to constitute culpable homicide, there must be an intention of causing death, or such bodily injury as is likely to cause death, or a knowledge that the act is likely to cause death. The *Times*' Correspondent contends that Mr. FULLER's act could not possibly have been brought under either of these heads. He was not guilty of culpable homicide, because he did not intend to cause death or any injury likely to cause death, nor could he know that the blow he gave was likely to cause death. He was not guilty of voluntarily causing grievous hurt, because the hurt which he intended to cause, or knew that his blow was likely to cause, did not fall under any of the eight kinds of hurt to which the term "grievous" is expressly restricted by the Code. The *Times*' Correspondent forgets that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL had stated earlier in the *Minute* that the liability of Asiatics to an internal disease which renders even a slight external shock fatal is known to all residents in India. Whether this theory is sufficiently established, or the knowledge of the alleged fact sufficiently diffused, to justify a Court in holding that every resident in India knows that a blow given to a native is likely to cause death, is a matter upon which we express no opinion. But any one who does hold this—and from the language of the *Minute* Lord LYTON apparently does hold it—is under no misapprehension of the law when he characterizes Mr. FULLER's offence as culpable homicide. It is clear that, if the groom had been suffering under some external and obvious disease which was likely to make a blow fatal, Mr. FULLER might have been held to know that his act was likely to cause death; but here we come upon the question of fact as to whether the liability of natives to disease of the spleen is really so certain and notorious that Mr. FULLER was affected by it with equally guilty knowledge.

Apart from this consideration there is the fact, which does not seem to have occurred to the *Times*' Correspondent, that Lord LYTON nowhere says that Mr. FULLER ought to have been found guilty either of culpable homicide or of voluntarily causing grievous hurt; he only says that he ought to have been committed for trial on one or other of these charges. From this point of view, the fact that the groom's death happened immediately after the blow is of the utmost moment. It is true that, to constitute culpable homicide, there must be the intention to cause death, as well as the fact that death has been caused. But when a magistrate is considering

whether to try a case himself, or to send it to a higher court, it is certainly safer to go no further than the fact that death has followed upon an unlawful act, and to leave it to the Superior Court to ascertain the unlawful act was done with the intention of causing death or the knowledge that death was likely to follow. The theory of preliminary investigation in criminal cases adopted by the *Times*' Correspondent would go far to make every magistrate a judge in capital cases. Instead of limiting himself to the inquiry whether there is a *prima facie* case against an accused person, he would consider the case for the defence in conjunction with the case for the prosecution; and, under the plea of determining whether there was sufficient ground for committal, would really determine whether there was sufficient ground for conviction. Let it be granted that, under the Indian Penal Code, the circumstance that the groom's death followed the assault would in no way aggravate his offence in striking him, it was still a matter for a superior Court to determine. What Mr. LEEDS had to consider was whether the circumstance of the groom's death raised a *prima facie* distinction between a particular blow and ordinary blows. Unless the consequences of an illegal act are to be altogether left out of sight in estimating the extent of its illegality, such a *prima facie* distinction was raised in Mr. FULLER's case by the circumstance that death had followed upon his blow; and, in disregarding it, Mr. LEEDS fully laid himself open to the censure with which he has been visited by the VICEROY. At the same time it is to be regretted that Lord LYTON, who cannot have much personal knowledge of India, should have committed himself to so violent and sweeping a censure, not only on the Provincial Court, but on his countrymen generally.

#### RAILWAY PROPERTY.

WHILE the price of railway stocks in the market has been subject to great and frequent fluctuation, the value, as measured by dividends and by prospects of future gain or loss, varies within much smaller limits. At the beginning of the year the shares of all the great Companies, with the capricious exception of the London and North-Western, were quoted at very high rates. Two months afterwards they had fallen to the extent, in some instances, of 20 per cent., although no corresponding decline in the traffic returns explained the change, and although money was constantly cheap and investments were scarce. It would be interesting to ascertain how far genuine purchases affect the nominal value of securities. The operations of dealers and of Stock Exchange gamblers have a much more considerable effect. At present the principal railway stocks pay, in the dividends recently declared, not much more than 4 per cent. on the market price, and many of them give a smaller return; but in the great majority of cases there are reasonable prospects of future increase, especially as trade and the traffic which depends upon it have for more than a year been at a low point of depression. It is on the whole satisfactory to find that neither Turkish, Egyptian, and South American insolvencies, nor the long stagnation of industry, have produced the result of impoverishing the community to the extent which might have been anticipated. An official return lately showed an increase in consumption of the articles which are most generally used; and even the number of licences for carriages is somewhat greater this year than last. The traffic returns of the railways have remained almost stationary, and the fractional change which they show is on the favourable side. From tables published in the *Economist* it appears that the increase is mainly in passenger traffic; but there is no considerable reduction in the goods traffic. The number of train miles run is larger than in the last year; and therefore it may be inferred that the work done is greater, although the receipts have not increased in the same proportion.

The reduction of dividends during the last half-year is, as might be expected, most considerable in cases where the traffic in coal and iron is most important. The North-Eastern Railway, which is exempt from competition throughout nearly the whole of its large district, has paid 2 per cent. less than it paid two years ago. The Midland has fallen from 6 per cent. in the corresponding half-year of 1875 to 5 per cent.; but the comparison is complicated by the recent opening of the line from Settle to Carlisle. The Midland Company now competes for the traffic of

Glasgow and the West of Scotland, both with the London and North-Western and with the East Coast Companies. In railway traffic, as in all other commercial enterprises, goodwill and custom operate in favour of established competitors. The London and North-Western, in alliance with the Caledonian, has a hold on Scotch traffic which it will be difficult to shake; and the progress of the Midland, which works in concert with the Glasgow and South-Western, and to a certain extent with the North British, will be only gradual. At the half-yearly meeting the Chairman of the Midland stated that his Board were so far satisfied with the result of their experiment in diminishing simultaneously the cost and the accommodation of first-class travelling. It is difficult to understand how the Midland Company can profit by a reduction of charge which has entailed heavy loss on all the neighbouring Companies. The first-class traffic on the Midland line itself has diminished, while the third-class traffic has increased. It is not improbable that when the change was made two years ago, the second-class passengers may in the first instance have filled the first-class trains, and that when the novelty was at an end they may have preferred the third-class. As the experiment has once been begun, the Directors are perfectly right in testing its results by a lengthened trial. All first-class passengers who are not also interested as shareholders will hope that the old and convenient system may be ultimately restored.

The most unsatisfactory circumstance affecting railway property is the failure of the Companies to effect a reduction of the working expenses. The price of coal and iron has within two years been greatly reduced; but it has been found impossible to return to the former rate of wages, or to the amount of work done by railway servants. The block system also involves a great expense, which in the opinion of some Chairmen and General Managers is not compensated by any improvement in security or in convenience of working. The preponderance of skilled opinion is in favour of the block system, and it will probably be continued and extended. If the working expenses of railways could be brought back to the standard of ten years ago, nearly all the great lines would, with their present traffic, return large dividends. It may be hoped that the cost of working may now remain for a time stationary; and the future revival of trade will almost certainly produce an increased traffic. Several lines have only begun within a few years to pay dividends on their ordinary stock. The Manchester and Sheffield and the Great Western itself were not long since unable to pay their preference shares in full; but both systems had the advantage of comparatively heavy fixed charges, so that, as soon as the traffic reached a certain amount, the whole benefit of the increase accrued to the ordinary shareholder. The Great Western Company has declared a dividend of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which is at the same rate with that of the corresponding half-year of 1875. It may be inferred that the recent amalgamation with the Bristol and Exeter has been found advantageous. Some Great Western shareholders complained when the agreement was made that the Bristol and Exeter proprietors had obtained an undue advantage; but in arrangements of this kind unity of ownership may be worth a high price, for all experience is in favour of amalgamation of continuous lines. In the course of next year the South Devon Railway, which is already in practice a part of the Great Western, will be formally annexed. There is scarcely any Company which commands better prospects.

The feud which has for some time past divided the proprietors of the Great Eastern into two hostile parties is still unsettled. The dissatisfaction of some of the shareholders with the present management is fully explained by the inability of the Company to pay the preference dividends in full for the current half-year. Whether the absence of profit is the fault of the Directors is a question on which few shareholders have the means of forming a judgment. Any discontent which may prevail would probably have expressed itself only in vague complaints, if Mr. BASS had not possessed money and leisure which enabled him to engage in railway agitation. Some years ago Mr. BASS was induced by philanthropic motives to begin a movement for the increase of the wages of the servants of the Midland Company. His efforts were not unsuccessful; and all other Companies were compelled to follow the example of the Midland in increasing the numbers and the pay of their men. No single person has done as much as Mr. BASS to increase working expenses; but railway administration has apparently be-

come to him an attractive subject; and he lately invested a large sum in Great Eastern stock to enable him to take part in the conduct of the affairs of the Company. Mr. BASS employed a writer of some experience in similar inquiries to draw up a report on the finances and management of the Company; and his agent, as might be expected, discharged his duty to his employer by proving in detail that the administration of the line was at the same time extravagant and unduly frugal. The working expenses were said to be high, yet the servants of the Company were dissatisfied with their wages and with the amount of their work; the trains were slow, and the accommodation afforded to the district was insufficient. Mr. BASS then proceeded to propose that Sir EDWARD WATKIN, with some Directors of his choice, should supersede the present Board. At the general meeting of the Company a majority of votes was given to Sir EDWARD WATKIN; but the actual Directors were re-elected, and they refused to appoint Sir EDWARD WATKIN as their Chairman. A special meeting is shortly to be held for the purpose of settling the dispute. Sir EDWARD WATKIN possesses great ability, and almost unequalled experience in the direction of railway policy. He is Chairman of the Sheffield, of the South Eastern, and of the Metropolitan Companies, and his adversaries allege that he will either be unable to devote sufficient attention to the affairs of a fourth Company, or that he will sacrifice the interests of the Great Eastern to those of the Sheffield Company. It oddly happens that while the controversy is still undecided the price of Great Eastern stock has risen. There is no sufficient ground for assuming that Sir EDWARD WATKIN would postpone the interests of the Great Eastern shareholders to those of his other constituents; and probably, under either the old or the new Board, the Company will gradually emerge from its long period of adversity.

#### THE BRETON ELECTIONS.

THE French elections of Sunday last are more interesting than by-elections usually are. The defeat of M. DE LUCINGE at Guingamp was altogether unexpected; the success of M. DE MUN at Pontivy was very much less conspicuous than his friends had hoped. In both constituencies there had been at the general election three candidates—a Clerical, a Republican, and a Bonapartist. At Guingamp the Bonapartist candidate had retired after the first ballot, and at the second ballot M. DE LUCINGE had been returned by 6,273 votes against 5,946 given to M. HUON. At Pontivy it had fallen to the lot of the Republican candidate to retire, and M. DE MUN had been elected by 10,725 votes against 8,754 given to the Abbé CADORET. In both places the Republican candidates presented themselves again on Sunday, and, there being no third candidates, a decisive result was at once obtained. At Guingamp the figures of the former election were nearly reversed; M. HUON has been returned by 6,334 votes against 5,834 given to M. DE LUCINGE. At Pontivy M. DE MUN's majority has dwindled down to 9,790, while M. LE MAGUET has polled 9,415 votes. Thus the Republican party have gained a seat in the Chamber, and have shown that they can make an all but successful fight in the stronghold of Ultramontane and Royalist sentiment. The importance of these two facts is considerable. If the Republic is making progress in Brittany, it may be safely assumed that it is making progress elsewhere. In no part of France are the traditions and feelings of the people so rootedly hostile to the existing order of things. The peasantry cherish a faith in their clergy and in the local aristocracy to which there is nothing similar elsewhere. Yet in one of these Breton arrondissements the Republican candidate gets an absolute majority, while in the other he runs the clerical candidate hard. In both cases the result is probably due in part to the transfer of Bonapartist votes. Some, at all events, of the 3,634 votes which M. OLLIVIER received at the first ballot were no doubt given to M. HUON; and M. LE MAGUET would not have been so near success if he had not secured a large proportion of the votes formerly given to the Abbé CADORET. These stray votes, however, are not to be counted as any solid gain to the Republican cause. A man who merely supports the Republic because there is not a Bonapartist for him to support can only be ranked among fair-weather friends. In the case of M. LE MAGUET the accession of strength may perhaps be explained by the irritation of M. CADORET's friends at the ecclesiastical pressure



to which he has been subjected. It is hard for a priest who professes unlimited devotion to the Holy See to see himself all but excommunicated at one election, and as good as forbidden to stand at another. A Bonapartist voter would not be likely to vote for the candidate in whose cause these arbitrary measures had been resorted to. It is necessary to show the Church that, though the Imperialists are willing to work with it for the attainment of a common end, they are not prepared to be taken up and dropped again as it suits the purposes of ecclesiastical leaders. If M. CADORET had been standing in any other constituency, he would no doubt have been commended to the faithful as the champion of orthodoxy and order. Because he happens to have a following in a constituency in which a still more beloved son of the Church chooses to come forward as a candidate, he is made the object of a bitter opposition. The Bonapartists are not at all the men to accept this sort of treatment without remonstrance. Their leaders in Paris were willing to put their resentment in their pockets and to support M. DE MUN rather than run the risk of letting in a Republican. But local party feeling was not able to rise to this height of self-sacrifice. M. CADORET had been made a victim in the interests of M. DE MUN, and some at least of his friends were determined that he should not fall unavenged.

Still, personal feeling of this kind will not account for all the votes polled by M. LE MAGUET in Pontivy, while it will account for none of the votes polled by M. HUON in Guingamp. To supply the missing explanation it must be remembered that the six months which have passed since the general election have done a good deal to establish the Republic. At the general election the immediate future was enveloped in uncertainty. It was not known what the action either of the Ministry or the PRESIDENT would be in the event of a Republican victory, and quiet people who dreaded anything in the nature of a *coup d'état* might easily persuade themselves that the best way to prevent such a solution would be to give neither the Ministers nor the PRESIDENT any excuse for resorting to it. Beyond this were the uncertainties that hung over the future action of the Republican party. Supposing that they conquered, what use did they intend to make of their victory? According to their own story, they were to be all moderation and judicious compromise. According to their adversaries, they were to throw off all disguise, and to proclaim themselves the Radicals they had all along been in secret. It is not wonderful that voters who were not politicians, and had no means of deciding between the comparative probability of these rival predictions, were tempted to postpone the application of the decisive test, and to leave the Republican party in a minority. Neither of these considerations now apply. The Republicans were victorious at the general election, and yet there has been no *coup d'état*. M. BUFFET has quietly resigned office. M. DUBAURE has been chosen to fill his place; and at no time has the MARSHAL shown the slightest inclination to step beyond his constitutional province. The Republicans have commanded a majority in the Chamber of Deputies; but it is impossible to imagine anything more tame than the uses to which they have chosen to put it. The electors who, having no abstract hostility to the Republic, voted for M. DE MUN or M. DE LUCINGE, from mere uncertainty as to what would follow if they gave their votes the other way, may now take courage. In Guingamp and Pontivy they have already taken courage, and the elections of Sunday show the result.

M. DE MUN's return is in every way a gain to the Chamber of Deputies. In the first place, he is an orator, and the character of a deliberative assembly is usually improved in proportion as its debates are raised above the ordinary conversational level. This is especially true of a Chamber in which scenes are frequent and patience is rare. The Right seldom forget themselves when M. CHALLEMEL LACOUR is speaking, and the Left will probably be equally collected when M. DE MUN is speaking. There is a natural curiosity to hear what a good speaker has to say, and even if especially noisy interrupters are disposed to prefer inarticulate sounds to articulate, when the inarticulate happen to be their own, they are kept down by the consciousness that the wiser members of their own party may wish to answer their opponent rather than to scream him out of countenance. It is especially advantageous that the Ultramontanes should receive an accession of oratorical strength, because in this respect they have

hitherto occupied a decidedly inferior position in the Chamber. A party which has no speakers gradually abandons the attempt to defend its policy in public, and the temptation to do indefensible things becomes very much greater in consequence. When there is no one who would be listened to if he were to go into the tribune, there is no need to keep the policy of the party such as can be decently presented in the tribune. M. DE MUN will now be expected to justify in words what his friends have hitherto done pretty much in silence, and the least his friends can do is not to make his task unnecessarily difficult. M. DE MUN's own character, so far as it can be divined from his antecedents, is of a kind which is calculated to do the party some good. He is not a politician, and in an Ultramontane this is a positive recommendation. The worst thing that can befall religion in France is to be defended by men who regard it simply as a useful weapon for advancing their political ends. If the distrust which is so largely felt towards the Church is to be removed or lessened, it must be by the growth of a conviction that the defenders of the Church have only her own welfare in view, and that they are not scheming to bring about Royalist or Imperialist restorations under cover of a zeal for Heaven. M. DE MUN, by all accounts, runs but little risk of being misunderstood in this way. Whether he be found a wise or a foolish partisan of the Church, he will at all events be straightforward and disinterested.

#### ELEMENTARY TEACHING AS IT IS.

A CYNICAL observer might find pleasure in noting the difference between the view of national education suggested by the debates during the Session and that suggested by the Reports of the School Inspectors which make their appearance during the recess. To judge from the proceedings in Parliament, elementary teaching is a powerful and well-ordered machine, for the control of which rival parties are contending. To judge from the Inspectors' Reports, it is too often a machine so badly constructed and so inefficiently worked that it can matter little in whose hands the control of it is placed. It is exceedingly desirable that the fierce controversialists of the Session should learn how much remains to be done before that elementary instruction which in educational discussions is always assumed to be given in elementary schools can be regarded as worth having. It is conceivable that when a child has really mastered the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic before he leaves school, he may feel a genuine gratitude to the teachers to whom he owes this possession, and a corresponding disposition to follow their guidance in matters of conduct or religion. But when a child leaves school with only that imperfect acquaintance with knowledge which is the most certain prelude to forgetting it, the influence which has failed to do its own proper work is not likely to avail much for further work. The impression left by the Inspectors' Reports is that, before we attach much moment to the question by whom the rudiments of learning are imparted, it would be well to ascertain that they are imparted. If they never succeed in effecting an entrance into a child's mind, it matters little under whose custody they remain outside it. A really efficient education might conceivably become an effective weapon in the hands of the clergy against Dissenters, or in the hands of the Secularists against Christianity. But it is doubtful whether an inefficient elementary education is of much value in anybody's hands. A child who cannot read with sufficient intelligence to give himself pleasure, or write so that others can read what he has written, or cipher so as to know when he is cheated, will not have much sentiment to spare for those who have carried him no farther along the road of knowledge.

It was to be expected that these Reports should lay most stress on the frequent stumbles that are to be noticed on the very threshold of education. A careless or an incompetent teacher can blunder to a much greater extent in teaching reading than in teaching anything else. Illegible writing betrays itself, because the most conclusive of all tests is continually being applied to the work done by every child. If the teacher cannot read what the scholar has written, it argues something worse than carelessness or a more than ordinary want of capacity if he does not at once point out the fault. With arithmetic, again, the fact that the answer has or has not been arrived at supplies a similar check. The scholar may have worked too much by rule instead of

by head; but he must, ordinarily speaking, have mastered the essentials of the process if he has brought the result right. In reading there is no corresponding means of ensuring the teacher's attention. He may notice if the scholar stumbles or stops over a hard word, or if he gives it a distinctly wrong pronunciation. But it is quite possible for both these errors to be avoided, and yet for the children to be almost as far as ever, not merely from good reading in the sense of reading that is pleasing or useful to others, but from good reading in the sense of reading that is pleasing or useful to themselves. It cannot be too often repeated that the ability to read in such a way as to enable the scholar to read what he wants to read, either for his work or for his amusement, when he has left school, is the first essential of an efficient elementary education. If this is not gained, nothing is gained; if this is gained, the possibility of every other acquirement has been gained at the same time. Year after year, however, the testimony of the Inspectors goes to show that it is upon this, the most important point of all, that the elementary teaching is most defective. Mr. ALDIS, speaking of Yorkshire schools, says that it is very seldom indeed that children know what it is they are reading about. They may be reading what they have read over and over again during the year, and yet, though there is no longer a word that presents the slightest difficulty as to enunciation, there will be many which convey no more idea to their minds than on the day when they first saw the passage. "We read," says Mr. ALDIS, "'So stooping down 'from hawthorn top.' Rows of children in country 'villages will affirm that they have never seen the hawthorn. . . . They read and sing about 'our flag,' and 'the red, white, and blue,' but I never yet met with a 'child who knew what the English flag is.' Another Inspector observes that, even where the passages selected are read with fluency and correct pronunciation, 'they 'evidently fail to convey any idea to the reader's mind.' But a child to whose mind reading conveys no ideas might obviously have just as well been learning to pronounce syllables linked together at random. He will be no wiser for his lessons when he meets the same words again in later readings, and the interest of the reading process has certainly not been great enough to tempt him to read anything after the pressure of teaching has been withdrawn. 'The most disappointing part of a school inspection,' says Mr. DANBY, 'is in a majority of cases the examination 'in reading.' Even in the highest standard 'it not unfrequently happens that scholars who read accurately 'and fluently are receiving no impression from the words 'pronounced.' Or, to quote from another Report, 'they 'read with the eyes and the memory, but not with the 'understanding also.' It is impossible to overrate the mischief of this state of things. Inability to read is in most cases an irremediable evil after a child has left school, and inability to read intelligently is for all practical purposes the same thing as inability to read at all. It is of no avail that educational reformers rack their brains to devise methods for securing instruction in additional subjects, if that elementary art through which alone all additional subjects can be approached is left unattained.

Among the causes to which this lamentable result is due there is one which stands out by common consent as the most efficacious. Intelligent reading implies a clear understanding of what is read, and this clear understanding will rarely be attained unless the matter of the books read is such as to interest the children. Inspectors are agreed in condemning the great majority of the reading-books used in elementary schools as utterly wanting in this indispensable characteristic. "Even when free from mistakes," says Mr. DANBY, they are "of a dryness so repulsive that the 'notion of regarding a book as a source of pleasure can never 'for one moment occur to the readers in class.' When it is remembered that one of these repulsive little volumes constitutes the intellectual food of a class for a whole year, there is no need to wonder at any want of appetite on the part of the scholar. The compilers of reading-books seem for the most part to think that a proper regard for their own dignity demands that they shall be instructive, or, if by chance they condescend to be amusing, they are usually silly at the same time. The best reading-book for the upper classes in elementary schools would be *Robinson Crusoe*, broken up into parts so that the children might go on from part to part during the year, and thus have an obvious inducement for making progress in their desire to get on with the story.

With even moderate pains on the part of the teacher, there would be no fear of a child not understanding or caring to understand what was read, and the matter of the book might be made the text of a large variety of lessons, which would become interesting by virtue of their association with *CRUSOE*. A few common-sense expedients of this kind would go a long way towards redeeming the instruction given in elementary schools from the reproach which now justly attaches to it.

#### THE RECORD'S APOLOGY.

THE *Record* has thought it necessary to reply to the remarks which we ventured to make on the unguarded and indecent support which it has, as a professedly religious organ, been giving to the brutalities which Mr. STANLEY has been practising on the natives of Central Africa. It finds our observations deficient, not in truth—for it confesses the truth of them in a shuffling and equivocating sort of way—but in "pungency and wit." Remembering the old adage, we should not, under any circumstances, be disposed to enter into a question of taste in regard to what appears in our columns; but we may be allowed to say that we quite agree with the *Record* on one of the points in which it takes exception to our article. It was certainly not witty, and was not intended to be so; and indeed we cannot imagine any case in connexion with which wit would be more offensive and out of place than in dealing with the injury to religion, in its highest and holiest aspects, which is done by so-called religious newspapers which violate Christian charity and humanity by countenancing and encouraging outrages on savages on the plea that this is good for their souls. Whether the article was sufficiently pungent may perhaps be best judged by its effect on the *Record*, which, after this little fling at ourselves, humbly apologizes to its readers for its own conduct. We are satisfied to obtain this acknowledgment, and care little for the temper in which it is made. The *Record*, since reading our article—for it had evidently not the faintest glimmering of light on the subject beforehand—is of opinion that Mr. STANLEY'S "story of his more recent expedition may be, in some of 'its subordinate details, liable to just criticism'; and it even goes further, and does 'not hesitate to acknowledge 'that it would have been better had the article in the 'Record added to what it says of missionary expeditions'—of which, be it remembered, it distinctly recognized Mr. STANLEY'S practice with explosive bullets as a useful preliminary—"a few words in order to take away 'occasion 'from those who might seek occasion' to confound what 'is said of Christian missionary expeditions with Mr. STANLEY'S warlike dealings with the hostile tribes whom 'he punished for what he calls their 'cruelty or treachery.'" Mr. STANLEY'S suspicion of the natives, however, seems to have had a very shadowy foundation; and in one instance he deliberately went back to a certain place for no reason except to have another shy at the people. Again, the *Record* admits that "it is very possible, and on his (Mr. STANLEY'S) own showing even probable, that some of his 'proceedings were stained by 'a policy of terrorism and 'revenge' such as the *Saturday Review* condemns;" and it is added that "the *Record* is always consistently opposed to 'the combination of warlike with missionary operations.'" Yet it quoted Mr. STANLEY'S revolting narrative at full length in two successive numbers, and then lauded him in a third, without a single word of reprobation, or even of doubt as to either the expediency or propriety, according to Christian tenets, of the sanguinary and unjustifiable attacks on the natives in which he has been engaged, and which it is now, for very shame, obliged to condemn.

The *Record* also professes to be aggrieved because it is accused of having spoken with enthusiastic admiration of Mr. STANLEY'S recent exploits; but in this very reply it describes him as "a great geographical explorer, who has been 'clearly acting as the pioneer both of civilization and 'Christianity,'" while in its former article it called him "the pioneer of missionaries," and uttered the prayer that the missionary expedition of which these "warlike dealings" were the beginning might "go in the fulness 'of the Gospel of Peace, and might know how best to 'make the truths of the Gospel known to the natives of 'that benighted land.'" Yet it has the audacity to assert that it has "never assumed that he (STANLEY) was more 'than a great African explorer to whom geographical



"science was greatly indebted." It said in the plainest words that his operations would be "of great use to the many who will follow with anxiety and hope and prayer the expedition which has gone forth in the service of our great Master, to carry the glad tidings of redeeming love to the natives of Central Africa," and did not give the faintest hint that these operations were open to criticism either from a moral or a religious point of view. Our view of the matter was simply that a missionary expedition is neither appropriately nor usefully heralded by ferocious attacks on the natives with elephant rifles and explosive bullets; but the *Record* took it all as a matter of course until we drew attention to the subject. Surely "a policy of terrorism and revenge," as we called it, and as the *Record* admits it to be, is not the most appropriate way to "make the truths of the Gospel known to the natives of that benighted land," or to teach them to appreciate "the glad tidings of redeeming love." The *Record* indeed, in a very characteristic fashion, now tries to throw over Mr. STANLEY by suggesting that he has been romancing, which for our own part we should admit to be quite conceivable, considering the notorious character of the newspapers by which he is employed, and which it must naturally be his main object to serve. "Had it been the purport of our article," says the *Record*, "to discuss and adjudicate on Mr. STANLEY's personal conduct and proceedings, much more information would have been needful." That is to say, his own confessions are not enough, and require corroborative evidence. The *Record* couples STANLEY's name with that of LIVINGSTONE; but it would find it difficult to produce from LIVINGSTONE's narratives any instance of his setting the example of conciliating the natives whom he encountered, and who occasionally in ignorance barred his way, by vindictive slaughter. LIVINGSTONE had another message to the "benighted land" than that of the deadly power, at a safe distance, of a civilized man, or rather a man armed with weapons invented but repudiated by civilization, who has the advantage of a long-range rifle and explosive bullets. The *Record* is further afraid, in its charitable way, that its "weekly contemporary was prompted in its attack on the *Record* by its inveterate enmity to Christian missions, and by the evidence which the "missionary expeditions"—that is, such as that pioneered by STANLEY—"afford, that the old spirit of Evangelicalism still burns with its ancient ardour." We must confess to a suspicion that the *Record's* enthusiasm about Mr. STANLEY's way of dealing with heathens was really an outbreak of "the old spirit of Evangelicalism," as represented by its organ; but we have certainly no enmity against Christian missions. On the contrary, it has been obviously in the interest of such missions, and with the desire that they may be conducted in a proper manner, that we have from time to time exposed the abuses, such as the present, which are occasionally practised in the name of a religion the first principle of which is outraged by them. Our objection is not at all to Christian missions, but only to wholesale and wanton homicide.

#### REPARTÉE.

IT is a remark of Sir Walter Scott's that for the success of a jest it is almost essential that it should seem to be extemporaneous. If we espy a joke at a distance—nay, if without seeing it coming we have the least reason to suspect that we are travelling towards one—it is astonishing how the perverse obstinacy of our nature delights to refuse it currency. This is Scott's observation as to jokes on the stage. When, as in Dryden's comedies, two persons remain on the scene for no other purpose but to say good things, they receive, he says, but little thanks from an ungrateful audience. All pleasantry should of course rise out of the occasion, and he is a poor joker who lets it appear that he has planned his joke beforehand. Suspicion is an afterthought when there has been laughter at the moment. Still suspicion hangs around the sayer of good things when men think over his wit. The power of raising mirth is a gift so much envied by common dull humanity, and so far out of its reach, that it is easier to suppose it the result of labour than of happy nature; dull people prefer attributing to the wit a superhuman ingenuity in leading up to a premeditated good thing, to supposing it a flash, an inspiration of the moment—flashes are so much out of their way. But there is one form of wit to which the most suspicious of mortals cannot help granting this essence of freshness. The absolute impromptu of retort and repartee is indeed a produce of the human brain so rare, so choice, so desired, so enviable—it is so fine a weapon, makes a man so completely master of the occasion, scatters his enemies with such

utter rout—that if the malicious listener could detect a flaw, could detract from the suddenness, he would do so. And reported anecdotal repartee is subjected to doubts of this nature not more from the common run of readers than from persons who can themselves say a good thing out of season, or when they have time to think it over, or whose genius, of which they are keenly conscious as distinguishing them from other men, takes another direction. De Quincey, for instance, boldly refused to believe a single story of brilliant repartee. But a retort of this sort which meets the ear in society, not the eye in a book, is a fact which cannot be gainsaid, an effect which cannot be forgotten; and ready wit does this for its fellows—it dispels this ungracious incredulity. In the presence of one indubitable flash of fancy we can give credit to recorded triumphs of the same faculty in others.

But there is another, and a more generous, ground for delight in witnessing this dashing prompt readiness of the faculties in meeting attack. It is ordinarily the man taken at a disadvantage, and open to insult or insinuation through some weak point, as we might be ourselves, who excites our sympathies. He stands forth the champion of the unready, who feel themselves avenged through him. The insolence of the whole prosperous side of life gets a snub when some sharp arrow of a rejoinder hits its mark. Of course cynicism has its own line of repartee, and gets quoted for its ready sayings, such as the reply of the aristocrat of the old régime to the poor peasant's plea "A man must live," "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité." But contempt never excites sympathy. We must always side with the sentiment hidden in a retort, if we are to enjoy it. Coleridge, in addition to his deeper and loftier faculties, had this power of retort attributed to him in early life, and, as we gather from the history of a particular ride, could apply it according to the sensibilities of his opponent. The horse and get-up of the rider on this occasion were alike open to vulgar criticism, and a low wag, appreciating the general effect, asked the poet if he had met a tailor just like himself. "Yes," was the reply; "and he said he had just lost his goose." After this lowly triumph his road brought him within hail of a more distinguished party of horsemen, one of whom, a sporting M.P. known to have been bribed by the Ministry, stopped him to inquire the price of horse and rider. "The horse," was the answer, "is a hundred guineas; as for the rider, as he is not in Parliament yet, I have not fixed his price." A story is told of the late Marquis de Boissy, who showed the same disregard of appearances, attended by the same power of holding his own under any guise or disguise. When presented to the late Emperor, his new uniform not being ready, he made his appearance in an old Court costume of his grandfather's, a man of vastly larger physique than himself. The Emperor received him kindly, but some of the courtiers grinned. Prince Murat, son of the unfortunate King of Naples, could not refrain a remark on the drollness of his dress. "Yes," said De Boissy, "c'est vrai, monseigneur, et si tous ceux qui viennent ici devaient porter les costumes de leurs grands-pères, on en verrait de bien plus drôles encore," the point of course being the well-known humble condition of the Prince's own ancestry.

But self-assertion under difficulties is not the noblest field for this weapon of defence. Patriotism has stimulated some of its happiest effects. Thus the witty Lord Dudley, upon a Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" was inspired by it to answer, "It is true, madame, we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital." And in the same cause Walter Scott treasured a retort of his own in a memory which was not reticent of more intoxicating triumphs. "I am afraid," he said, "Mr. Bolton" (the Birmingham engineer) "has not forgotten a little passage that once took place between us. We met in a public company, and in reply to the remark of some one, he said, 'That's like an old saying—in every corner of the world you will find a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone.' This touched my spirit and I said, 'Mr. Bolton, you ought to have added, and a Birmingham button.' There was a laugh at this, and Mr. Bolton replied, 'We make something better in Birmingham than buttons; we make steam-engines, sir'—a pompous rejoinder, which probably helped Sir Walter to remember his share in the encounter. That was not a bad retort which is told of M. Van de Weyer on a diplomatic occasion, though perhaps it hardly comes under the head of patriotism, when Lord Ponsonby, under the instructions of Lord Palmerston, was at Brussels advocating the imposition of the Prince of Orange upon the Belgians as their new King. M. Van de Weyer declaring that the people would have nothing to do with Orangeism, Lord Ponsonby exclaimed, "The people, the people! are you aware that within eight days I could have you hanged at the first tree in the Park by this very people on whom you rely?" "Yes," was the reply, "I believe that with time and plenty of money you might; but I could have you hanged in five minutes, and hanged gratis. Don't let us play at this game." The two gentlemen laughed, and shook hands.

Success in this form of fencing is often a relief to human nature under the more irksome or humiliating duties of benevolence. Croker quoted an old story of Fenelon, whose suavity of character and manner might possibly deceive people into regarding him as a safe mark for impertinence. He had often teased Richelieu, and ineffectually as it would seem, for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, and one day was telling him that he had seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu. "No, I saw there was no chance," said Fenelon; "it was so like you." The biographies of saints and of Protestant worthies often

relieve the somewhat oppressive gravity of their general tone and matter with these encounters of wits, pious and profane, in which for once the sinner looks small and hides his diminished head.

As a social engine the weapon requires a neater management than belongs to ordinary skilfulness. In polite hands the repartee may even induce the illusion so happily described in the couplet—

You feel when he kicks you down stairs  
As though he was handing you up.

Thus, when the Frenchman, exposed to the wiles of a mother resolved to win him for a son-in-law by parading all her daughter's attractions, finds her demanding his opinion of some performance, he veils his resistance by adroitly whispering in her ear, "When one is near the mother, one has no eyes for the daughter." This is better than Charles Lamb's bluntness to the chattering woman, his neighbour at dinner, who sharply tells him he is not attending to her, "You don't seem at all the better for what I am telling you." "No, ma'am, but this gentleman on the other side of me must; for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other." The playfulness of retort should be accepted as play on both sides, or at least should be capable of digestion by the losing side. In this respect the anecdote of our subject gives the palm to the French, though there we observe that it is in men's hands that the touch is lightest, and that the wound, if there be a wound, leaves the least scar. Women, whose only weapon is their tongue, are allowed to say cruel things, though they ill fit them. It is especially in the gossip of politics that we find them making very biting and trenchant use of their privileges. Take, for instance, the Duchesse de Berri's rap over the knuckles to her father for a tone towards the Revolution she did not approve:—"Je me suis couchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution." But these historical repartees are not quite to our present purpose, and the sharp sparring of one woman against another seldom presents examples worthy of, or desirable for, quotation. One sometimes wonders whether what has been called the inspired answer of Mrs. Poyser to Bartle Massey on the great question of the respective merits and weaknesses of the two sexes was really a repartee living in George Eliot's memory, or was excogitated at leisure—"I'm not denying that women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men." At any rate it was worthy to have been hit off in the fiery heat of argument, where it must certainly remain the last word, the crowning triumph of repartee. It is, by the way, the longing passion for this "last word" that has produced so much would-be repartee and dull ineffectual spite both in the domestic war of words and in wider fields; as with Cibber, who, writhing under Pope's stinging pen, vowed he would have the last word, and provoked the epigram:—

Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,  
For know the last word is the word that lasts longest.

But we must leave wits, belles, and beaux, and turn to a class who have as great a longing for the last word and the keen stinging word as their betters, but want the training to wound in polite terms. At least their most telling retort lies not in speech, but in action, or speech aided by action, through which they can often bring their opponent to terms. We recall the story recorded in *Saddle and Sirloin* of that Jemmy Anderson, living in the days when postboys were an institution, who was driving a carriage between Shap and Penrith, when the hirer roared out, "Postilion, I shan't give you a farthing for your horses or yourself; you're driving like a snail." Jemmy quietly replied, "You won't pay me a farthing, won't you? Then I've come far enough for now," and, swiftly descending, began to take out the horses. The angry passenger had to pay a handsome *douceur* before Jemmy would consent to put them in again. We have heard it alleged as an excuse for the relations of husband and wife so often illustrated in the newspaper, that the men of the lower class are entirely without the gift of verbal repartee. The wife's glib tongue revels in cutting sarcasm; and, if the man's tongue could give her as good, or as bad, words back again, the contest would not proceed to further measures. But retort in his case is literally confined to blows; and repartee of this sort comes before quite another court than that of criticism, and lives in other records than those from which we have been borrowing our illustrations.

#### LONDON OUT OF SEASON.

THE absence of a few hundred families from a population of three millions affords a singular example of the disproportion of cause and effect. Owing to the nomadic propensities of some fashionable people, the regular Londoner finds himself surrounded with a new order of things. His experiences are of a surprising kind. Cabmen say "Thank you!" to him for their fares. The crossing-sweeper, whom he has been accustomed to regard as a millionaire, professes himself to be starving, and writes to the *Times* to complain of the impositions of the School Board. Friends who in the season pass you with a distant bow now hold your hand for ten minutes, while they make tender inquiries as to the health of your most distant relatives. If you call to pay a visit, your acquaintance is found with his nose flattened against the window-pane, and he opens the door himself with an impulse of alacrity to which his servants would never give way. He asks you to dine the next day or the day but one after, well knowing that you can have no

other engagements. You accept with equal eagerness, for your club is closed for decoration, and your club committee have not thought it worth while to provide for your solitary wants. Some men who belong to many clubs find themselves drafted into the society of strangers, and learn during the autumn that there are worse clubs than their own, more depraved committees, more venal waiters, more expensive and worse dinners, and greater standing bores. On Sundays you go into church after church, seeking in vain for a favourite preacher or a choir. Deputies reign everywhere; choirs are away for vacation; you are ushered into the best seat with *empressement* by a deputy sextoness, and your shilling gleams in the offertory plate amid a heap of coppers. There is no music, for the organist is away, or, what is worse, an amateur supplies his place, and breaks down in the middle of a hymn. In the street you miss another kind of organist, and are thankful to be able to sit down to work without the accompaniment of a brass band, and to eat your breakfast without a hungry monkey to look through the window. In the shops you are treated with unwonted civility. A hundred and fifty young men are ready to do your bidding in Vere Street, and your demand for a pair of gloves or a white tie creates evident emotion. Selling off is the order of the day in Bond Street, and though you do not believe in alarming sacrifices, you find the opportunity favourable if you wish to please your wife with a new dress, or to buy a wedding present for a country friend. But country friends have too often an ambition to be married at St. George's, and you are startled from your seclusion by having to attend a marriage feast, and perhaps entertained during its course by listening to the grumbles of people who have had to come to town out of season, while your candour is taxed to conceal the fact that you have not been away yourself. Of course you profess to prefer London in autumn. Your stay is entirely a matter of choice. Duty has nothing to do with it, and nobody suspects that you have had losses on the Stock Exchange, or have speculated in Turks, or have a partner at Philadelphia, or, in fact, have any reason whatever except your own pleasure for foregoing the excitement of a run to Switzerland or a few weeks' fishing in Norway.

Again the pleasures of London out of season must be set its drawbacks. All the windows in your street are decked in grey holland blinds with deadly uniformity. Every second house is being done up, and bristles with ladders, against which you run your hat. Every railing is wet with green paint, and workmen smoke along rows of doorsteps. The flower-boxes, unemptied and unwatered, add by their draggled decay to the universal aspect of desolation. The starved cats follow you into your house, or mew away the nocturnal hours in your area. The traffic in the streets consists chiefly of carts full of carpets to be beaten, and an occasional cab laden with luggage for the Continent. The postman loiters on his round, dressed in shabby uniform and dirty collar, throws misdirected letters into the area, and flirts leisurely with the passing milkmaid, who hangs her cans on the railings as a matter of habit, for they are never claimed or emptied. The streets are windy and dusty, and the water-cart seldom passes, for the driver has himself departed for a holiday, and is perhaps enjoying his hard-earned rest in another and a happier watering-place. Woe betide you if you are ill. All the doctors are away, and the best attention your case obtains is a consultation of apothecaries. You cannot even have your will made with decent care, and your heirs fight for years in the law courts because you chose to alter your testamentary dispositions in autumn. If you get into a scrape with the police, you cannot find an attorney to defend you, while your appearance before the magistrate forms an interesting paragraph for the vacant columns of the newspapers. Every little assault is magnified into an attempt to murder. Every inquest is dignified with a heading to itself, and the pent-up complainings of months are poured into the columns of the daily press, on all subjects, from the drainage of new houses to the robbery of your game-baskets. If you have any cause of grief, if you nourish a sense of any public or private injury, now is the time for making known your woes. If you have a new theory to develop on the Bravo case, a new interpretation of a Greek text, an experience of railway inconvenience, a bad smell in your house, a dishonest servant, or a grievance against the vestry, now is your opportunity. And it is wonderful how the little annoyances of everyday life, the crumpled rose leaves which were imperceptible during the season, now assume vast proportions, and, like bogies in the twilight, spread their giant arms, and terrify the lonely dweller in town. His country cousins, who come up in large numbers at this season, wonder how he can live at any time in a place filled with smoke and sewer gas, infested with murderers and mad doctors, where the houses are tumbling about his ears, the dray horses running over him, the river yawning to swallow him, the Underground Railway asphyxiating him first, and then cutting him to pieces. These visits of country cousins are the only interruption of the monotony of town life in August, and it is no wonder that they carry such gloomy impressions of London to their homes. Though they are amazed at the crowd on the pavement, it is not a crowd to impress them favourably like the well-dressed throng in Rotten Row in June. They call on their country member, whom they regard as a permanent London official, like a consul on the Continent, and are surprised to find his house, where they expected at least to dine, all shut up, and to be informed by an old woman, when they ring for the third time, that the family is out of town and will be back next winter. They are also given to supposing you can make up any number of beds



at the shortest notice, and are quite offended that you do not ask your finest friends to meet them, or get them invitations to a ball or two.

In some parts of London autumn is a harvest time for the lodging-houses. In others they are desolate; swept and garnished, but empty. The pale bleached faces of expectant landladies look over the parlour blinds, repeating unconsciously the refrain of Mariana in the Moated Grange. But no one comes, and the maid of all work may be released to take her annual holiday. She arrays herself in gorgeous apparel combining the articles most in vogue during the past nine months, and producing a fine effect when worn altogether. Her well-corded box contains a selection from lodgers' wardrobes for her family in the country, and is carried to the omnibus by her favourite potman, who attends for the purpose in his shirt-sleeves. In her hand is a handbox which conceals the glories of her Sunday bonnet. Its red roses and yellow hollyhocks are intended for the benefit of the young man in the country who occupies her heart while she is absent from town. As she departs, she diffuses around her for a few moments an air of happiness in the deserted street. When she returns well sunburnt, a week later, it seems to have been left behind in the country. Servants who remain in town have even a better time of it. The park swarms with carriages full of the coachmen's wives, children, or sweethearts, and it is often interesting to observe that, except for there being more than the orthodox four in a coroneted brouche, the occupants would pass very well for the owners. Women always contrive to ape their betters more easily than men. The coachman, however, betrays himself, if only by his driving. The horses are not spared on these occasions, and have to do more work on a short allowance of oats than they ever do in the season. Drives to Richmond or Greenwich, though in the season they would be causes of serious question between master and man, are now cheerfully undertaken; and sometimes a little amateur cabmanship may be done at a railway station by a prudent groom with a brougham. The maids lean out of the bedroom windows with unkempt hair, or improve their minds with unlimited novels in the morning, and in the afternoon visit the British Museum and the "Natural Gallery." South Kensington is, however, the favourite scene of such excursions. It sounds almost as well to tell "missus" about, and combines in itself, with the pursuit of knowledge, a considerable share of the more ordinary pleasures of the public-house. Little parties are made up for luncheon in the grill-room after an inspection of the Prince's Indian presents or the scientific apparatus. Such innocent festivities may be contemplated without displeasure; but you have a feeling of pity for your opposite neighbour who is now at Spa, when you see his housemaid getting in a piano, and know that to-night his new carpets will be trampled by the many twinkling feet of her friends and admirers.

#### THE WAGNER PERFORMANCES.

**B**AYREUTH, the old Court town of the Brandenburg princes and capital of Upper Franconia, has awoke from its sleep of quiet decrepitude and found itself famous as the shrine of a new cult and the object of a popular pilgrimage. Neither superstition nor politics move the devotees who by thousands have gathered during the past month within the little town, taxed its resources of space and food to the utmost, thronged its picturesque streets and pleasant gardens, and wandered among its pine-covered hills. Within the ungainly and strictly utilitarian shell of the monstrous Wagner Theatre a many-tongued crowd has pressed night after night to witness the long-looked-for performance of Herr Wagner's *opus magnum*, the *Nibelungen-Ring*, one of the greatest dramatic efforts of modern times, the fruit of a very remarkable combination of poetic and executive energies. After more than twenty years of laborious persistence in his self-chosen mission, he is able to present to the German people their national epic, invested with all the power and charm that splendid dramatic performance, significant music, and spectacular illusion can bestow.

To few men is it permitted thus to place before the eyes of their contemporaries the perfected work of their life, nor would Herr Wagner have been thus favoured but for the remarkable devotion of the artists and friends whom he has inspired with something of his own enthusiasm. The names of the singers and musicians, numbering among them many of the most eminent German artists of the day, who have offered their voluntary service for the fitting production of the *Nibelungen-Ring*, deserve perpetual record; while scarcely less admirable has been the activity of the working members of the Wagner Unions throughout Europe and America, in the sale of tickets and the like. That intangible element, the German *Geist*, to which Herr Wagner has so often confidently appealed, would have been quite unequal to produce a success which required not only words but deeds. In the preface to the first complete edition of the words of the *Ring*, put forth in 1863, he wrote:—"The only public which willingly and joyfully accepts me requires Deed (*die That*). This, alas! does not stand in my power." Happily, the "deed" is now accomplished; though what will be its effects upon the world has yet to be proved. Far-reaching and important, we need not say, are the results hoped for by the ardent believers in the new religion. A whole literature has sprung up about the subject; philosophers, musicians, versemakers, and critics rush into the field; our old friends the "subjective" and "objective" fly like shuttlecocks from side

to side, and we are assured that in the *Nibelungen-Ring* lie more mysteries than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Over and above the many gifted men and women whom the poet-musician has drawn about him, a summer swarm of would-be disciples buzz about the big man, and seek notoriety by their frothy and fulsome partisanship. Amid all this clatter and vapourizing we can gather a few comparatively distinct utterances which purport to indicate the basis on which the so-called musical drama of the future is built. One of the chief agents in the regeneration of society is held to be the drama, which should, we are told, be restored to the place it occupied among the Greeks. The spoken word, with its explanatory pantomimic action, seeks yet another help in the most living art of modern days—namely, music—which one of the professors of the Schopenhauer-Wagner philosophy, Herr Nietzsche, rather cloudily designates "Will in animate and inanimate nature craving a tuneful existence (*ein tönendes Dasein*). Word and action kept within the limits intelligible to the spectator cannot express the full force of human passion or aspiration; music carries out the dramatic significance and expresses the inexpressible. Professor Nietzsche and his fellows soar yet higher still into a "Nirgend-heim" of the "Selbst und nicht Selbst," whither we dare not attempt to follow them. Further, the appearances of things must be in harmonious relation to the dramatic thought; therefore the art of the mechanist and the invention of the stage manager must be called into play. Given such an apparatus, aesthetic and mechanical, dealing with themes of noble import removed from the petty, sensuous, and frivolous life of the day, and granted certain conditions of time and space favourable to a receptive state in the audience, and we have the Wagnerian drama in its unity and completeness. The performance of the *Nibelungen-Ring* at Bayreuth is presented to us as the first and typical example of this new social regenerator; and it is regarded by Herr Wagner and his followers, not as an autumn fruit, but as spring seed for future harvests—not an end attained, but a work begun. So much for the theory. We will now pass to the subject of the drama, which is to many people equally a riddle.

"On the edge of the abyss that separates the old world from the new there hangs a fair Rainbow-land, which in curious repetitions of itself sheds some feeble twilight far into the depths of the primeval time." Into the mythic region thus spoken of by Mr. Carlyle, where "lie scattered the earliest thoughts of men," Herr Wagner has penetrated for a theme which shall not be national and German only, but a common inheritance of mankind. He has moreover not been content with the German versions of the *Nibelungen-Lied* which forty-five years ago aroused the enthusiasm of the *Westminster Reviewer*, but has gone straight to the old Icelandic heroic songs, the chasms in the earliest manuscript of which are filled by the Edda of Snorri Sturleson (1178-1241) and the prose *Völsunga-saga*; and from these he has taken the chief personages and the principal incidents of his drama. The Ring of Might welded by Alberich the Dwarf out of the golden treasure stolen from the Rhine daughters is made the centre pivot on which the story turns. Over the possession of this magic circlet the powers of light and darkness, the Gods of Walhalla, and the dwellers in the nether world, plot and struggle. The curse invoked by Alberich upon the holder of the Ring brings about all the tragic events of the drama:—

Wer ihn besitzt  
Den sehre Sorge,  
Und wer ihn nicht hat  
Nage der Neid.

Wotan, the All-father, who, we must confess, in Wagner's hands is a disappointing divinity—rarely impressive, but rather given to small tricks, much philandering with the daughters of men, and ungodlike restlessness—brings from Walhalla the curse of the Ring. He robs Alberich of it by craft, then reluctantly parts with it to redeem his pledge given to the Giants Fafner and Fasolt for building Walhalla. But no sooner is the Ring out of his hands than Wotan covets it again, first for its power-giving magic, and afterwards to avert, by its restoration to the Rhine maidens, the curse it has brought upon the Gods. Through the love of the twin-pair, Siegmund and Sieglinde, children of Wotan by an earthly woman, there is brought into the world Siegfried, the central figure of the *Nibelungen-Lied*, the beloved hero of German folklore. Him ere his birth Brünnhilde, the Walküre, has blessed in disobedience to the All-father's commands, after she had previously attempted to shelter from punishment the guilty parents. Wotan condemns her to a death-sleep on the mountains, surrounded by a guarding circle of fire until this same Siegfried, the hero who "knows no fear," shall awaken her at once to love as a woman and to the loss, with her maidenhood, of her supernatural power. The complicated genealogy and general mixture of family relations implied in the foregoing narrative are, it is right to say, derived implicitly from the old Saga. The fatherly position in which Wotan stands both to Siegmund and Brünnhilde has been introduced to simplify matters. Siegmund and Sieglinde, according to the Edda, were merely children of the race favoured by the Gods, and the Walküre was a *Wünsch*, or adopted daughter of Wotan. On the love of Brünnhilde and Siegfried, her awaker to love and light, Wotan relies for the restoration of the Ring and the averting of the curse; meantime he sits silent and sorrowful in Walhalla awaiting the end. Siegfried, leaving as a pledge of fidelity with Brünnhilde the magic ring which, in an early stage of the play, he has won from Fafner, the dragon-transformed giant, and receiving in return her armour and her horse, descends into the world to seek fate and

glory at her bidding. But in the hall of the Gibichung he falls a victim to the wiles of Hagen, a son whom Alberich has begotten to work his vengeance. After swallowing a draught of forgetfulness brewed by Hagen, Siegfried is seized with love for Gutrune, the Gibich's daughter, and wins her at the price of recrossing the fiery circle to obtain, by disguise of the Tarnhelm, his own Brünnhilde for wife to King Gunther, Gutrune's brother.

Brünnhilde, thus treacherously brought down from her rock as Gunther's bride, doubly wronged and deceived, and mad with sorrowful wrath, plots with Hagen the murder of Siegfried while on a hunting expedition. All comes about as they devise; Siegfried is killed by Hagen with a spear thrust in his back, and dies with revived remembrance of Brünnhilde, her name upon his lips. The body of the hero is brought home to the Gibichung hall, and a tremendous scene follows between the two women who claim each to be his wife. Brünnhilde thrusts Gutrune aside as but a *Buhlerin*, and takes her place by the body. She sings a wail of love and triumph over her beloved, draws the magic Ring from his finger as the inheritance of his wife, and proclaims to the Gods in a passionate prayer the satisfaction of justice and the purification of the Ring from its curse. A funeral pile is erected on the banks of the river, and Siegfried's body laid upon it, covered with flowers. Brünnhilde tosses a brand into the pyre, and as the flames blaze out and fill the back of the stage, she calls for her horse, and rushes with it to mount the burning pile, flinging the fatal Ring into the Rhine as she goes. The river maidens rise to seize their Ring, and Hagen vainly dashing into the waters after it is dragged down. Above, the sky opens, and Walhalla is seen in flames, the Gods and Heroes ranged in solemn stillness, and Brünnhilde and Siegfried again united. The Rhine rises into the hall, and in the midst of falling roof and pillars the curtain drops. Such, in baldest outline, is the scheme of the four plays, which are crowded by other accessory figures whom we have for clearness sake omitted.

The plot of the whole drama almost defies brief analysis, so complicated are its twistings, and so numerous its actors. An obvious difficulty is incurred in the lapse of time implied between the four divisions. Thus, between the *Rheingold* and the *Walküre*, the birth and growth of Brünnhilde, Wotan's child by Erda, have to be accounted for; between the *Walküre* and *Siegfried*, some eighteen or twenty years for the boyhood of the hero; and again between *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung*, a period of blissful union of Brünnhilde and Siegfried, during which he grows to man's estate. It is true that, though parts of one story, the four divisions of the *Nibelungen-Ring* are four distinct dramas, and four-and-twenty hours' break in the performance allows the audience to make a mental adjustment; but the scheme implies a quantity of explanatory narrative put into the mouths of the principal characters to explain the missing links and fill in the gaps. This, dramatically speaking, is a grave fault, and not only dramatically, but musically. Under no operatic treatment, indeed, save the Wagnerian, could so much monologue be endurable or intelligible. But the recurrence of the *Leitmotiv*, the characteristic phrases belonging to each personage and to each important event in the story, serve to keep interest intelligently alive during the long recitatives, the orchestral accompaniments of which add not only beauty but significance to the so-called *unendliche Melodie*. Apart from this weak point, on which critical fingers will not fail to press, the fitness of the story to dramatic exigencies, and the opportunities it offers for scenic effect, are equally remarkable. No one who has once seen can lightly forget the scene in the first act of the *Walküre* where, in the picturesque wooden dwelling of Hunding, with its huge ash tree growing up in the centre and its walls hung about with skins and tapestries, as Siegmund seizes Sieglinde with sudden passion in his arms, the wide door of the chamber suddenly flies open and reveals the splendours of the spring moon shining upon the green woodlands, and the lover bursts into the ecstatic song, "Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond." Again, in Act II., amidst wild rocks, under an angry sky, Siegmund bends in anguish over the fainting Sieglinde, when the *Walküre* Brünnhilde, a stern and beautiful figure in armour and scarlet mantle, confronts the pair, and, warning the hero of his approaching end, solemnly bids him to follow her to Walhalla. Siegmund asks if he shall meet there his bride, and, receiving for answer, "Sieglinde sieht Siegmund dort nicht," he bids the *Walküre* greet Walhalla, Wotan, and the Heroes, but follow her he will not; rather "Hella, halte mich fest."

The power which Herr Wagner displays, especially in the *Götterdämmerung*, of heaping climax upon climax, and yet keeping the highest tragic point in suspense, is, we think, without precedent on the operatic stage; its counterpart is only to be met with in the Greek drama. The *Götterdämmerung* opens with the mystic weaving and singing of the three Norns in the twilight between night and dawn, a scene which is singularly successful as regards picturesque and weird effects. After their prophecy is ended, their fateful thread broken, and they vanish with the cry "Zu End ewiges Wissen," and the subsequent parting between Siegfried and Brünnhilde is over, the play is a series of climaxes, as may be inferred from the plot. The final scene is the most highly pitched in dramatic emotion, and would be beyond the power of any actress save such a tragic artist as Frau Materna has proved herself. It is no exaggeration to say that her rendering of the character in this scene, as well as throughout the drama, would be alone enough to make a reputation.

We may take the death of Siegfried in the third act of the *Götterdämmerung* as a characteristic example of that unity of

effect which is a chief feature in the Wagnerian drama. Siegfried, having lost the hunting party, comes wandering down among the trees over the Rhine. The three maidens rise on the waves, and, singing the flowing and playful measure with which they open the first scene in the *Rheingold*, sport in the waters, mock Siegfried in order to obtain the Ring from his hand, and, after warning him of his fate, float away. The joyous hero winds his horn with the merry measure which is his characteristic *motif* throughout the play, and when the hunting party, with Hagen and Gunther, have joined him, sits down carelessly, and to pass the time begins telling the story of his boyhood. As his song proceeds we hear between him and the orchestra one musical reminiscence after another of the earlier scenes in the drama. Evening darkens down softly, and when Siegfried, smitten by Hagen, sinks lifeless on the ground, night has fallen, and, amidst solemn silence of voices and hushed movements, the orchestra swings into an heroic funeral march. Siegfried's body is laid upon his shield, the procession forms and winds slowly up the hill against the sky, mists float across the stage, blotting out the figures one by one, and we become aware of the passing of a great soul into a darkness made melodious by his presence.

It may seem almost invidious to single out for praise particular names from a body of artists where all, with hardly an exception, have proved themselves first-rate. Herr Schlosser, by his complete and artist-like impersonation of Mime the blacksmith, has confirmed the impression made by him as David in the *Meistersänger*. Herr Vogl throws his fine voice and vivacious action into the part of Loge, the Flame God, a kind of Scandinavian Mephistopheles; it is whispered, by the way, that the actor shows more brilliancy than suited the dramatist's notion of the part. Herren Betz and Kögl, as Wotan and Hagen, have the advantage of fine voices; but Herr Betz, though evidently possessed of a real dramatic gift, was often wooden when he would fain have been dignified. In Siegmund Herr Niemann of Berlin showed what a skilled singer can do with a voice that has lost its freshness, and a great actor with an intelligence that is ever young. Herr Unger of Bayreuth, the young man to whom the important part of Siegfried is entrusted, has much to learn as a singer, but has plenty of voice, plays the part with enjoyment, and looks to perfection the strong, joyous, simple hero of our nursery tale. Among the ladies, Fräulein Scheffsky as Sieglinde, Frau Grün as Fricka and the youngest Norn, and Frau Jaide as Erda and Walltraute, did well without making any remarkable success. The only nonentity was Fräulein Amman, who certainly failed to give character to the part of Gutrune. On the occasion of the banquet given by Herr Wagner to his artists, he spoke with well-merited gratitude of the enthusiasm and ability with which they have rallied round him and interpreted his intentions to the public. Such an equally balanced cast has indeed never been seen on any stage; the very choruses were sung by trained solo singers.

It would be foreign to our present purpose to speak critically of the music of the *Nibelungen-Ring*. Yet it is impossible not to draw attention to one or two points. The invisible band, under the conductorship of Herr Richter and the leadership of Herr Wilhelmj, and aided by the excellent acoustic properties of the building, has proved that the orchestral accompaniment can be not merely a study interesting to musicians or a pleasing support to the voices, but a musical background, as it were, to the action of the drama. Even competent musicians have acknowledged that, so marvellously is the orchestra kept in subordination—only taking a prominent part where, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, it has to make its own comments, or to emphasize an emotion beyond the power of the actor—they cease to listen to the music as music, and are only conscious of its wonder-working influence. On repeated hearing of the opera it is easier to appreciate the mastery with which the composer, after starting in the *Rheingold* with comparatively simple motives and easily understood harmony, gathers richness of theme and fuller treatment as the web of the dramatic action becomes more complicated, till in the *Götterdämmerung* he overwhelms us with an intricate interweaving of one *Leitmotiv* in and over the other, treated with the utmost splendour of orchestration.

The ideal of the "musical drama of the future" is unity, and its fulfilment has been proved to be an exceptional possibility by the performance of Herr Wagner's *Nibelungen-Ring* at Bayreuth; but under what circumstances? Here is a theatre built for the purpose, with a stage more than equal in height and depth to the auditorium, a complex and perfected stage-machinery, a picked orchestra of a hundred and sixty musicians and a first-rate conductor, and a picked cast of singers who have been studying their parts for two years—above all, with a single head over all, who is composer, author, teacher, manager, knowing everything and ruling every one. That such a combination can ever be found again, that an initiative has been given to the modern drama which will be followed up by a new school of artists simply intent on the perfection of their art, may be but a dream. It is, at any rate, a noble and earnest one.

#### THE HARVEST.

THE ingathering of the grain crops of all kinds, maize excepted, may now be looked upon as substantially accomplished in the Northern hemisphere, and an amount of information as to their yield has been published sufficient to enable the public to form a tolerably accurate judgment as to their quantities and values. A



greater contrast could not well exist than is afforded by a comparison of the weather during last year and this year. In 1875 the character of the summer was decidedly wet; in 1876 the summer has been marked by exceptional heat. The hay crop of 1875 was very large in bulk, but very poor in quality, and very much spoiled in making; in 1876 the crop is very small, of excellent quality, and put together without any damage from rain. In 1875 the pastures never lost their bright green colour, though it is said that the grass did not contain much nutriment. This year the pastures have been perfectly brown, and have not afforded any keep either good or bad. In 1875 the root crops were very heavy, with most abundant foliage, and there were no partridges to cover. This year partridges are innumerable, and there is no cover for them. Last year, because there was a wet July and August, people in England expected, and were reconciled to, a poor corn harvest. This year, according to the popular view, because there has been one of the hottest summers of the century, the corn harvest was to be exceedingly abundant. And yet, so far as wheat is concerned—and it is of wheat that every one thinks when the harvest is spoken of—it appears to be extremely doubtful whether, if the acreage and the yield are taken into account, there is any good reason to believe the English crop of 1876 to be larger in quantity than that of 1875. A month ago, before the results had been tested by threshing, any one who had asserted that the crop would turn out to be a poor one would have been laughed to scorn. The present year affords another instance of the curiously foolish way in which people, even those whose business it is to be skilled in such matters, notwithstanding innumerable experiences of its fallacy, will adopt the belief that a few weeks of warm weather or of broiling sun during our short summers will inevitably produce fine and beautiful crops; while they as persistently hold that rain in summer or at harvest time must not only spoil, but diminish the yield. It cannot therefore be too often repeated that sunshine, when the grain is maturing, has no influence in the way of increasing the yield, any more than rain at the approach of harvest has in diminishing it, provided always that it is not sufficiently violent to break down the stalks which carry the corn, and thus prevent the flow of sap. Plants of all kinds, to yield their produce in perfection, should make their growth gradually, vigorously, and steadily, without unnatural rapidity and without check; and any interference with this regular progress has its results either in a diminished quantity or a deterioration in the quality of the crop.

The history of the wheat plant sown last autumn illustrates this statement. As will be remembered, the autumn and early winter were distinguished by an exceptional rainfall which saturated the soil. The wetness of the land was so excessive that in many cases the seed was rotted, and fields had to be re-sown. The wet season had its effect in bringing up a weakly and flabby wheat plant, which for its prosperity urgently needed a genial spring. It had, however, to encounter severe, long-continued, and late frosts, and the struggle for bare life was a hard one. The fields, instead of a dark rich green, had a pale yellowish colour. There was no vigour in the roots to throw up new stalks to bear in due time their additional burden of ripe and golden grain; the struggle was for existence. Thus we learn as the result from all sides, that the number of sheaves (or, in other words, of stems) at the harvest was small; clearly the deficiency of the number is to be traced to the weakness of the plant in the spring, and the small encouragement it met with in the way of weather. Next comes the question, whether all the heads carried on the existing stems brought to maturity a full burden of good corn. It might have been expected that, under the influence of the warm summer—and it is said that in this latitude the weather cannot be too warm for the wheat plant—every ear would have been perfect. But as the accounts from various parts of the country state almost universally that the ears are more or less defective, and that they do not contain the full number of perfect corns, it is clear that the long-continued frosts must have injured the already formed ears. Of the quality of the grain, and of its dryness, however, there is but one account, which fortunately is that in these respects the wheat of 1876 is as nearly as possible perfect. It is in this particular, then, that sunshine in summer has its chief influence, and in this particular only—namely, that it brings to complete perfection the grain which the plant may have produced; but, hotly as the sun may shine—and there can be no dispute as to the heat which has reached the earth's surface this year—it cannot repair damage done to the tender plant in the early stages of its growth by an inclement winter or spring; it cannot, and does not, increase the yield of the ear of corn by a single berry. On the other hand, if the progress of the plant up to blooming time should have been healthy, if the weather at blooming time should have been propitious, if the berries should, though immature, have been completely developed, the absence of sun will not then affect the quantity of the crop; but the lack of heat will most materially affect the quality of the produce and retard the period when it can be consumed. This was just the case in 1875, when large quantities of grain could not be brought to market until late in the season. It is impossible as yet to determine, with anything like approximate accuracy, what has been the yield per acre in the United Kingdom this year. Every one appears to have been deceived by appearances, and disappointment is general. There is little doubt that the reports of the nearly 300 correspondents of the *Agricultural Gazette* would have been less favourable had they been written now instead of three weeks ago. But even then only

139 of them believed in an average yield, 36 in a yield over an average, and 117 placed the crop at below an average. Many skilled observers have published their opinions, and, with some variation, there seems to be a general admission that the yield of wheat per acre is at least 10 per cent. under an average. This, however, is compensated for to some extent by the superior quality and weight of the grain. We shall have no certain information as to the number of acres under the crop until the Agricultural Returns shall have been published, but here again authorities agree in placing the deficiency of acreage at from 10 to 15 per cent. If these estimates turn out to be exact, it follows that 1876 will have given us a very small crop of wheat of exceptionally good quality.

Such a conclusion even a few years ago would have been likely to produce excitement and alarm, as being in itself a demonstration that we should have to face high prices for bread. But the cereal year just ended has taught us the lesson that, even with a very bad crop of wheat, England can obtain all that she wants to supplement it without being forced to pay high prices for the supply. It is the fact—the hitherto unprecedented and incredible fact—that, after the bad, the very bad, wheat crop in England of 1875, the year closes at lower prices than those at which it began, and with a large surplus stock in our granaries. The imports of wheat have reached the immense total of about fourteen million quarters, and this enormous quantity has been purchased at rates below, perhaps 7s. or 8s. per quarter below, the average value of the last ten years. And this was accomplished in a year when the crop of the world was not exceptionally good. Russia indeed, formerly our chief purveyor of grain, had but a poor crop. In these days, however, we are no longer dependent on the produce of any one or two countries. There is not a country in the world where wheat can be grown that does not contribute more or less regularly its quota to our supplies. Countries which a few years ago did not appear in the list as shippers of grain now make it a staple article of trade. The development of steam communication by land and water has stimulated the cultivation of grain in very distant regions, and dry grain can be transported without damage from any part of the world. We believe that even within the last twenty years our Australian colonies imported flour regularly. Now they send us considerable quantities both of wheat and of flour. India, since the opening of the Suez Canal has cheapened and quickened the transit, sends us annually many thousands of tons of wheat. The names of Persia, and even of Japan, are not unknown to Mark Lane. Chili has become a constant and large shipper, and California has become as famous for its wheat as it was for its gold. Immense regions in the United States that have their outlet on the Eastern seaboard have been brought under cultivation faster by far than the population of consumers has arisen, and overwhelm our markets with their produce. It was, we believe, an American, Mr. Delmar, who three or four years ago put together elaborate statistics to show that the world was producing more bread than it could eat, and warned his countrymen that the fault of over-production was chiefly attributable to the United States, and endeavoured to convince them that greater attention should be turned to other industries than corn-growing. Whatever effect his arguments may have had on the farmers of America—and, to judge from the enormous annual surplus for disposal, they could have made little or no impression—the stern argument of annual losses has convinced our own corn-growing farmers that they cannot compete with foreigners. If in years of good crops and moderate prices they can but just live and pay their way, it is evident that with small crops to be sold at low prices ruin is certain. Take, for instance, last year. Farmers received for a miserably small crop a price at the rate of about eight shillings per quarter below the average price of the past ten years. Their losses must have been severe, aggravated as they were by a dear labour market and a protracted harvest time. It need be no matter for surprise that corn farms are at a discount, and that it is difficult to get tenants for them even at a substantial reduction in rent. We must expect to see a steady decline in the acreage under wheat, and that our farmers will apply themselves to the production of meat, butter, cheese, and the grain for which our soil and climate appear to be especially adapted—namely, malting barley. If the production of wheat in this country decreases year by year, and if the population steadily increases, larger importations will be required. There is not the slightest reason to anticipate any difficulty in obtaining what we want at moderate prices, unless there should be, which is most improbable, a simultaneous failure of the crop all over the world. The reflection that ten years ago, on the occasion of a bad crop at home, it was thought almost impossible to purchase nine or ten million quarters of wheat from abroad even at a high price, and that now our imports for the last four years have averaged some twelve and a half millions of quarters, may reassure us on that point. It is evident from these figures that the consumption of the population per head has much increased. Indeed Dr. Johnson's definition of oats—"a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people"—has almost lost its point; for in Scotland, as well as in the North of England and in Ireland, the people are now in the main bread-eaters. Even if the consumption should still further increase, there is every reason to believe that we may continue to enjoy our loaf at a moderate price.

## THE EASY-GOING TOURIST.

THE pace at which modern society moves, the stress of work and pleasure crowded into the flying hours, and the consequent feverish excitement in which so many people live, naturally produce a degree of exhaustion which renders a holiday indispensable; but unfortunately it would seem that there are not very many people who know how to spend a holiday rationally, so as to get the greatest amount of good out of it in the way of restored health and vigour. Indeed it may be doubted whether a holiday does not in many cases do more harm than good. Nothing is more common than to hear of people coming home from one quite tired and worn out, having knocked themselves up by their absurd exertions. Instead of getting a rest, they have merely increased their sense of fatigue. They have taken a long tour, trying to see as many places as possible, and to make the most of their time; have been subjected to frequent changes of climate and diet, and to the perpetual troubles and worries of a continuous journey; and find themselves worked up into a nervous and irritable state of mind. The impressions of one place jostle those of other places, and they efface each other, the result being a feeling of dazed bewilderment rather than of agreeable recollection. The great object of a holiday ought to be rest—not of course the rest of mere inactive repose, but that which comes from the exercise of the faculties in a moderate and wholesome way. The aim should be to keep the mind in a quiet, gently stimulated condition, and free from excitement and fatigue; and this is quite compatible with movement and variety of scene. We have been very much struck by an example of this kind of recreation which is given in a little book which has lately been published (*Holidays in Tyrol*, by Walter White. Chapman and Hall), and which is worth reading, not only as an account of an interesting and romantic region, but chiefly as an illustration of the amount of pleasure and refreshment which may be obtained from a holiday spent in a simple, easy-going way, without strain or weariness. The writer warns us in his preface that no perilous or exciting adventures are to be found in his narrative; there is no snow, except on distant summits, and exploits above the snow-line are beyond his range. He has wandered much quite alone, and in wild and solitary places, but has never encountered any danger. Once, indeed, he met three snakes in a forest, but they seemed glad to wriggle themselves quickly into a hiding-place. Mr. White's system of travelling did not consist in hurrying through a country as fast as steam would carry him; he used the facilities of the railway in a leisurely manner. Thus, on his way into Tyrol, he did not, as we suspect most tourists do, rush past Kufstein, but made a pause there, and found plenty to amuse and interest him in the woods and hills around, and the relics of the past. Among other things, he discovered the existence of a *Verschönerungsverein*, or Embellishment Society, which kindly looks after the paths to picturesque spots of the neighbourhood, and sets up way-marks for the benefit of visitors. It might be wished that this kind of institution were extended. At Innsbruck our unambitious tourist finds it "pleasant walking on soft grass among the scattered firs," and is satisfied with a distant view of the mountains. His notions as to the advantage of taking things quietly are illustrated by the approbation he bestows on Austrian engineering. In speaking of the entrance to the Fälsertal, where the course of the railway is interrupted by a great hollow, he remarks that an English engineer would probably have built a bridge at enormous cost, to cross from one side to the other; but the Austrian prefers to evade the difficulty by turning up an adjacent valley, crossing its upper end by a curving tunnel, and creeping gradually upward on the opposite side. Accordingly he sets down the remark of an Englishman who said to him, "I don't think much of Austrian engineers; they have no dash," as very foolish. This, however, is a question to which there are two sides, and we are afraid Austrian engineering does rather lean to the side of want of dash. But, as regards travelling for pleasure, there can be no doubt that Mr. White is right as to keeping, as far as possible, to a smooth and level course.

A good deal must of course depend in the case of the easygoing tourist on his personal temperament; and it may be supposed that the writer we have taken as an example is perhaps exceptionally endowed with the necessary qualities of patience, good-humour, and genial satisfaction with whatever happens. When he notices that the rickety *messaggeria* that clatters forth from Pieve for the northern journey contrasts unfavourably with the respectable vehicle which had brought him there, he at once finds consolation in the reflection that at least the country to be traversed was "neither so confined nor so severe of aspect" as that he travelled the day before, and that "breadth and cultivation had a softening effect." Again, "waiting is not wearisome when great landscapes salute the eye"; and the dulness and the ups and downs of a hilly road are made light of on the ground that "it is one of the charms of a mountain road that it is always rising or falling, or turning hither and thither to the advantage of the traveller, who thereby lights upon surprises, and finds many scenes in a single landscape." Elsewhere the writer exclaims, "To wake on a bright morning feeling that you have nothing to do but see new sights and be happy, is a privilege worth a thousand miles of travel." It is this simple contentment and readiness to make the best of things which make the essential feature of the tourist whose settled mood protects him beforehand from the little annoyances and inconveniences of the journey. Our tourist has also the important faculty of being lazy when he likes. "Reasonable laziness," he says, "is said to be one of the elements of longevity. A quiet

holiday should therefore prove more invigorating than a noisy holiday. My own experience is distinctly in favour of laziness. I can lie supine under a tree for half a day at a stretch looking up at the flecks of blue among the branches, with my hands under my head. Or I can take an hour's bath of sunshine, and verify the doctrine that heat and life are the same. Or, lying prone by a waterfall, I can fancy that the minutes glide away as swiftly as the foam." Here is another characteristic touch:—"There are now many places in Trent where beer may be drunk. One of the pleasantest is across the river at Piè di Costello, where, on a terrace at the foot of a great cliff, you may sit under green leaves, with a drip and splash of a spring in your ears, and enjoy the prospect of the city, with its garden slopes and background of hills." There is nothing gross about beer quaffed under such picturesque surroundings, the mind dwelling on the beauty of the landscape, while the liquor is not thought of at all, except vaguely as a soothing influence. Another important feature in a tourist of this type is a capacity for friendly talk, and an interest in common things; and both these Mr. White seems to possess in a high degree. He chats with all he meets—fellow-travellers, peasants, landlords and landladies, kellers and kellerinns, old and young, and does not despise the smallest gossip. "Sitting by the hearth," he remarks, "adds to one's experiences."

It is this happy disposition which gives zest to such a holiday—stupid and uneventful as some people might think it—as that which may be spent at places like Klobenstein or Paneveggio in South Tyrol. Klobenstein is a little village on the edge of a high table-land. The dining-room of the hotel opens on a spacious balcony, or, as the landlord calls it, "Terrass," overlooking the picturesque village and a fine stretch of country. "Foliage is abundant, relieved by patches and lines of fir about the pastures, fields, and gardens. Among the trees white walls, grey roofs, black roofs, red roofs, green and yellow shutters, and yellow corner dressings produce a pretty effect; and the great mountain prospect is always seen in the distance." Then there is "a delightful mount just behind the hotel, shaded by beeches, and with seats and tables conveniently placed." It is private property, but is open to visitors. The fare at Klobenstein—soup, boiled beef, sauerkraut, hare, potatoes, salad, sponge pudding, and dessert of green figs, or perhaps rice, sprinkled with chopped beans, pickled beet, stewed plums, and so on—is homely, but abundant and substantial, and, to any one taking a reasonable amount of exercise in the freshening hill air, attractive enough. There seem to have been pleasant walks in all directions, though, here again, the disposition to see things in an agreeable light goes for much. Mr. White, for instance, tells, as a good discovery, that at Klobenstein "a pathway in front of the post-office, and a lane at the rear, scarcely noticeable, are well worth notice." This does not seem to promise much, but we find that:—"By the pathway you approach the wooded hill which on one side slopes down to the Lengmoos pond; the other offers a broad stretch of leafy shade. Paths winding through the copse and under the trees at different levels attract you pleasantly onwards into thickets, glades, and airy clearings, and here and there into solemn solitudes." Anything will make romance if you are in the mood for it. "In one of those solitudes," says the writer, "we saw a man with a gun sitting as still as a stone." He was only, however, a prosaic fellow who had been watching there for two hours, and had shot a hare, and hoped to start another. But the first sight of him might have suggested a desperate deed. Then, there were the evenings:—"What a privilege to sit on the terrace and watch the lightning! Now here, now there, a landscape flashed into sight, and as suddenly disappeared. At times a single summit caught the vivid glow, and because of the nether gloom, seemed lifted a thousand feet above its usual height; or a clump of trees showed for an instant their dark stems and maze of branches against a distant illumination. And ever and anon the vast canopy overhead quivered as with fire struggling to break loose." Or here is another picture:—"A purplish black gloom, dense and ominous, gathering in the North, and creeping down the valley. Presently jagged streaks of lightning, and thunder crashed, rolling in awful echoes. A real mountain-storm was coming, and far away a church bell was heard pealing a note of warning and weakness. Then another and another sounding ever nearer, marking the progress of the storm, until the bells of Lengmoos and Klobenstein mingled their clangour with rush and roar of thunder and rain." Another time snow fell and the landscape assumed a new and dazzling aspect. To Paneveggio Mr. White was attracted by finding the inn mentioned disparagingly in a guide-book. The house is an old one, built towards the end of the seventeenth century as a refuge for travellers crossing the pass; one of the square, whitewashed, shingle-roofed houses of the country, with stone passages and rough accommodation; but it stands 5,160 feet above the sea, in a glorious situation, and has good water and wholesome food. The beds, filled with maize leaves, were sufficiently soft and clean, and each room contained a large earthenware stove in case of sudden cold. "As a preliminary to wider excursions," says Mr. White, "I inspected the house, the chapel, the dairy, the barn, and the saw-mill." It is in sentences like these that we are reminded of the old story of eyes and no eyes. A man who can find interest in the common things around him in this way can never be dull, and the habit surely ought to be cultivated. Except for the inmates of the house, there was almost complete solitude in this spot, but the forest and the mountains made good company. "To walk through such scenery as this," Mr. White sums up, "on a good and level road, is an enjoyment which any one taking a quiet holiday will know how to appreciate."



Unfortunately there has lately been innovation at this happy spot. Saw-mills have been erected, and the solitude broken in upon; but still charms enough remain to deserve a visit.

We have taken only a scrap or two from this interesting narrative, but enough to show the character of the tour. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast between a holiday spent in this quiet, healthy way, with pure air and simple food, nothing to agitate or disturb, and a constant supply of interest in the people and scenery of the road or halting-place, and the fatiguing and barren chase of the ordinary tourist over the beaten tracks of Europe, fretted by stuffy hotels and the mob of equally jaded and dejected travellers.

#### LLANTHONY.

EVERY one knows that the Cistercian monks, whether of set purpose or through a happy accident, always placed themselves in the most picturesque parts of our island. Monks needed wood and water; Cistercian monks needed special retirement from the common abodes of men. We should hardly have looked for any other order in a solitary vale fenced in by lofty hills which in Southern Britain rank as mountains. Yet in two very remote times, in the twelfth century and the nineteenth, this very obvious rule of monastic propriety seems to have passed out of sight. Brother Ignatius, O.S.B., has picked out the upper part of the vale of Llanthony for a settlement of the new Benedictines, the Benedictines who, contrary to the principles laid down in the Hundredth Psalm, have contrived to make themselves. One may doubt whether Brother Ignatius had any real notion of the history of the order to which he claimed to belong, or whether he had any perception of the difference between Benedictine and Cistercian sites. But it is odd that the mistake should really have been only a repetition of a mistake made many ages earlier. The original founder of Llanthony could not well have planted Cistercians there, as his foundation in 1108 was before the beginning of the great Cistercian movement which created Tintern and Neath as well as the abbeys of Yorkshire. But the Benedictines themselves would hardly have been more out of place than the Austin canons, whom, about 1108, Hugh of Lacy planted in the heart of the Black Mountains. The Austin canons, an order which may be called intermediate between the seculars and the stricter regulars, were often placed in towns, witness Bristol and Carlisle, and seldom in such utter solitude as that of Llanthony. The Austin canons themselves seem to have been of the same mind. Less than thirty years after their beginning, in 1136, they found the life in the mountain valley did not suit them. They procured a transfer of the house to a site outside the walls of Gloucester, which better suited their notions of civilized life. There arose the monastery of Llanthony the Second, while Llanthony the First still remained among the hills, but became a secondary, if not a subordinate, house.

There is something very singular in this transfer of the monastery to so great a distance. The special reason assigned is one of historical importance. Llanthony the First was founded in the days of the Lion of Justice, and, while he ruled, even the wild Britons were kept in some kind of order. He was hardly in his grave before their incursions began again, and the canons of Llanthony were among the first to suffer. But, besides this, it is plain that they did not like the place itself. How should they? The first set of canons were brought to Llanthony from the priory of St. Botolph outside the walls of Colchester. The change must have been frightful. We must remember that they would have no feeling of the picturesque, no admiration for the scenery of the mountain valley. Perhaps even now a man who was obliged always to live at Llanthony might admire the scenery less than one who visits it only now and then. But in those days a transfer from Colchester to Llanthony must have been a banishment which would make any Austin canon of them shudder. When the brotherhood had moved to Gloucester, the historian of the house draws an elaborate contrast between the position of Llanthony the First and that of Llanthony the Second. The comfortable Gloucester site was much more to his mind. Yet the valley is not barren; it has rich pastures enough; but we may believe that the very presence of the hills, which to us is the chief charm of the spot, was to them a matter of horror. Anyhow, Llanthony the Second became more popular than Llanthony the First. It also became much richer. But of Llanthony the Second but little is left, and of the church nothing at all. At Llanthony the First enough remains both of the church and the other buildings to form a most instructive study of architectural style and monastic arrangement.

There is also another singular point in the transfer—namely, the removal of the name to a place where it was so utterly without meaning. There are, of course, many other instances of the transfer of monasteries, and indeed of the transfer of names. But it would perhaps be hard to find another case of the transfer of a name to a place where it was so grotesquely inappropriate. Llanthony is not, as many people seem to think, the church of St. Anthony. It is a contraction of Llanddewi-nant-Honddû—that is to say, the church of David in the vale of the Honddû. The vale of the Honddû is a deep mountain valley, in which the older Llanthony stands, with the stream of the Honddû rushing along it to find its way into the Usk, the “Welsh Axe” of our forefathers. So far the name was indeed descriptive. Yet, after all,

it was, even in its beginning, a delusion. Llanddewi-nant-Honddû was not in truth a Llanddewi at all. It is said to have taken its name from an earlier chapel of St. David which the canons found standing there; it is certain that their own church was dedicated to St. John Baptist. The transfer to Gloucester made the rest of the name meaningless. At Gloucester, by the banks of the Severn, there was no Honddû and no vale—none, at least, in the same sense as the narrow glen through which the mountain torrent makes its way. Either the name must have conveyed but little meaning to those who inhabited the place called by it, or else they must have had a deeper affection for the name than would have seemed from their eagerness to quit the place. Anyhow, a new Llanthony, a new church of David in the vale of Honddû, arose far away from the vale of Honddû, this time bearing the dedication neither of St. David nor of St. John, but of Our Lady.

The history of the two monasteries after the removal to Gloucester in 1136 is very obscure. The Gloucester Llanthony was designed to be merely a cell; but, as we have seen, it grew into a distinct house. But Llanthony the First, though much poorer than Llanthony the Second, still went on. It does not seem, as some have thought, to have become in turn a cell to its own child. There is a document of Edward the Fourth's reign uniting the two Llanthonies, but it would seem not to have taken effect, as they were distinct houses with distinct properties at the Dissolution. Anyhow, it is the elder Llanthony which now survives in its old place among the mountains. The church takes its place in the series of the great churches of South Wales, being clearly intermediate between the nave of St. David's and the nave of Llandaff. It supplies one of the best examples of the transition. The pointed arch has come in in all the main constructive arches, but it is only in the west front that it becomes predominant in the smaller decorative arches as well. The work is just what suits a great church in such a position. Every detail is good and well finished; but there is a stern simplicity, a casting aside of all needless ornament, which seems thoroughly in place in the church and the dwelling of men who had of their own free will chosen the wilderness as their home. St. David's is plain without, because, where it stands, external adornment would have been carved only to crumble away. But then, as becomes the head church of a great diocese, St. David's makes up for its plainness without by lavish gorgeousness within. Llanthony, on the other hand, though its design is clearly to some extent modelled on that of St. David's, does not reproduce any of the rich ornament of the mother church, and affects altogether different proportions. The nave arches of St. David's are round, and of remarkable width; those of Llanthony are pointed, and much narrower, having an arcade of eight in a length a little shorter than that which at St. David's is filled by six. The plainness of the pillars, most of them without capitals, is striking, but the effect is good throughout. The short eastern limb, much shorter than that of St. David's even in its first estate, has never, like St. David's, grown out into eastern chapels, so that the whole length of Llanthony is very much smaller than that of the mother-church. And again, while St. David's has gone through changes at every date and in every style, few minsters could have been so little changed as Llanthony between the foundation and the Dissolution. No innovation seems to have happened beyond the insertion of a large east window, and a recasting of the side chapels, exactly answering to that of St. David's.

We said that Llanthony filled a place intermediate between St. David's and Llandaff, but it is much less easy to compare it with Llandaff than with St. David's. A comparison can be one only of architectural detail, for the peculiar outline of Llandaff, its lack of transepts, and central tower, puts it out of all comparison as regards general effect. As far as this last goes, the outline of Llanthony, with its three towers, was far more ambitious than that of either of the two episcopal churches. But as regards architectural style, as Llanthony, with all its severity, is an advance on St. David's, so Llandaff is a further advance on Llanthony. Each marks a stage in the great change by which the pointed arch and its appropriate ornaments supplanted the round arch and its appropriate ornaments. At St. David's—we speak of the nave—the round arch is dominant, though the pointed arch is coming in. At Llandaff the pointed arch is dominant, though the round arch is not quite forgotten. At Llanthony we see the two in a moment of equal struggle. Yet, with all this, there is a likeness of work and feeling which binds the three churches together, as if they were the work of a single architect, or a single school of architects gradually feeling their way towards successive stages of development. A more instructive study in the history of art can hardly be found than that which is supplied by the gradual changes of style to be traced in the three best preserved among the great churches of South Wales.

Of the church of Llanthony the remains are very extensive. In fact, though we cannot say that it is so perfect as some other monastic ruins, there is enough to make out every essential feature. But much more was standing, even within living memory. Old prints show much more both of the west front and of the central tower than is now standing, and the southern arches of the nave fell only about forty years ago. The remains of the monastic buildings are considerable. The chapter-house remains, though broken down, and there are signs left of the substructure of the refectory. The building which immediately joins the south-western tower, and indeed the south-western tower itself, are made partly into a farmhouse, partly into a small inn, where the traveller

who does not need very splendid accommodation may pass a day or two while examining the priory and its neighbourhood. And among the monastic buildings stands the small parish church, seemingly coeval with the priory. Its existence appears to have puzzled some of the earlier visitors to Llanthony, and indeed some of its earlier historians. They seem not to have understood how a parish church could be needed in such a place. But the very existence of the monastery implied the presence of a certain lay population, and the only choice was either the creation of a distinct parish church or the division of the minster itself between the parishioners and the canons. In such a place as Llanthony, where the canons must always have had everything their own way, it was not likely that the latter course should be chosen.

In the modern history of Llanthony, besides the grotesque apparition of Brother Ignatius in its neighbourhood, it must not be forgotten how large and how singular a part the spot plays in the history of the poet Landor. Llanthony seems to have had a way of coming before the world by fits and starts. One fit or start in the last days of the twelfth century gave us one of the most instructive pieces of ecclesiastical architecture that we have, and placed perhaps in a more remarkable site than any other in our island.

#### SILVER.

WHEN Sir W. Muir prepared the Indian Budget last March, he described the depreciation of silver as the most serious danger to which the finances of India had for a long period been exposed, not even excepting war and famine. It may well be imagined that a Minister who could use language such as this in a solemn State document would not be disposed to underestimate the probable effects of the depreciation on the finances of which he had charge; and yet we learn by the last mail from India that in the first four months of the financial year the loss has exceeded the estimate by as much as 134,000*l.* Were the depreciation to continue at the same rate as during those four months, the Finance Minister's estimate of loss would be found at the end of the year 400,000*l.* too little, and the total loss would be considerably more than 2,000,000*l.* That is to say, this large sum would be taken out of the pockets of the Indian taxpayers, and yet nobody would be the richer for it. And the loss to the Government is only a small part of the total loss. Every European in India who is in receipt of an income suffers. Either he has a wife and children at home for the sake of health and education, or a mother and sisters dependent on him for support, or he sends to England his earnings for investment. In any case, he loses in the same proportion as the Government. Nor is it merely the residents in India who lose. Retired Anglo-Indians who have invested in India, the owners of tea, coffee, indigo, and cotton plantations, shareholders in railways, and so on, all alike find their incomes reduced by the mere fall in the value of silver. It is little wonder, therefore, that the anxieties of the Government should have increased, and should have induced it to issue that Circular enjoining economy on all subordinates which excited so much attention at the beginning of last month. But since then the course of the silver market has suddenly changed. Up to the beginning of last year the fall in silver was very slight. Throughout 1875, however, it went on at an accelerated rate. But it was during the first seven months of the present year that it attained a really alarming progress. At the beginning of August the downward movement was suddenly stopped, and soon a rise set in. It was checked for a moment by an extraordinary issue of Secretary of State's bills. But it began again immediately. And now the recovery is almost 12 per cent. from the lowest point touched in July. The important question arises, is this reaction permanent? Mr. Bagehot has contended all along that the depreciation was largely due to panic, and consequently that a rise was to be expected. M. Léon Say, the French Minister of Finance, without being so positive, seems to incline to the same view. For in the French Chamber he insisted on the distinction between depreciation and fluctuation, which would appear to indicate a disposition to regard the movement in silver, not as a permanent depreciation, but as a temporary fluctuation. Mr. Goschen carefully guards himself from giving an opinion. But Sir W. Muir evidently takes a most gloomy view. Our own Government at home maintains an expectant attitude; and the United States Congress has just created a Commission to study the question. The views of the German Government are not clearly known; but, as it withholds the silver it has for sale, it must apparently cherish a hope that matters will not get worse. Thus, it will be seen, very little is to be learnt from the authorities, who are in as much doubt as the rest of the world; and it may be of interest, therefore, to inquire for ourselves what are the causes tending to influence the value of silver.

The causes of the depreciation have been so fully elucidated by Mr. Goschen's Report that we may assume our readers to be familiar with them. They are the increased production of the American mines, the demonetization of silver in Germany, the diminished demand for silver in commercial countries owing to the suspension of specie payments by so many of them, the restrictions on the coinage of silver by the countries of the Latin Union, and the diminished demand from the East. Of these causes perhaps the demonetization in Germany has had the greatest immediate effect. The position of Germany is such that a measure so novel as the total change of her currency at the close of a great war was calculated to impress the popular imagination; and then

the sum which Germany was supposed to have to sell was believed to be immense. It is to be observed, however, that in its most potent form demonetization is a temporary process; however protracted, it must some time or other come to an end. Nevertheless it is to be borne in mind that it will have one permanent result. It leaves Germany a purchaser of gold, instead of, as formerly, of silver. The increased production of the Nevada mines is a matter more difficult to deal with. When Mr. Goschen drew up his Report, these mines were believed to be unprecedentedly rich. Since then there has been something like a panic in mining shares in New York and San Francisco, and at present the tendency is to discredit the productiveness of the mines. But the practices of the bulls and the bears are carried to such a pitch of perfection in the United States that it would be extremely hazardous to venture an opinion as to the real state of the case. Even, however, if we assume that Mr. Goschen's figures are correct, there is an observation of M. Léon Say which is well worth bearing in mind. It is that the proportion of gold in the Nevada mines is so large as to pay the expenses of working the mines, and consequently that all the silver is pure profit. But, if this be so, the silver can be sold so cheap as to drive all other silver out of the market. On this assumption the chief effect of the discovery of the Comstock Lode would be to give Nevada a monopoly of silver production, by compelling the mines of other Companies to stop working, when she could gradually raise the price of silver again to nearly the old level, though not so nearly as to tempt the reopening of the old mines. Thus the total production would probably remain very much as it is. But, in any case, if the countries now circulating inconvertible paper resume specie payments, very large sums of silver will be needed. The United States, by the existing law, have demonetized silver. It is with them, as with ourselves and Germany, only to be used for small change. But it is impossible to say at present whether that law will be maintained. In the course of the next two months a new Congress will be elected, and its constitution will better enable us to form an opinion on the point. In the meantime, however, it is to be noticed that the Congressional Commission is instructed to inquire whether silver ought not again be made legal tender jointly with gold. In any event the United States will need a considerable sum for small change. France is prepared to resume specie payments, and if she maintains the double standard, the other countries of the Latin Union will do the same, and will use up an immense quantity of silver. And France will be likely to maintain it if the United States go back to it. In the present state of Europe it is vain to speculate on the chance of Austria and Russia resuming specie payments. But, whenever they do, they will require a very large amount of that metal. Thus in Europe and America alone there is a vast field for the employment of silver. True, it is doubtful how much of that field will remain to it. But a rise of price would strengthen very greatly the partisans in the Latin Union of the double standard, and would probably ensure their success. At any rate there is the possibility of an indefinitely great demand for silver springing up in the United States, France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Austria, and Russia; and this possibility must not be lost sight of. But the possibilities of the Western demand are small compared with those of the Eastern. In his Indian Budget statement a few weeks ago Lord G. Hamilton cited figures which are certainly surprising. He showed that in the twenty years from 1856 to 1875 there had been imported into India and absorbed there 88,669,382*l.* in gold, and 162,602,612*l.* in silver, or a grand total of 251,271,994*l.* of the precious metals. As gold does not circulate, the question arises, what became of so enormous a sum? The answer is, that it has been converted into ornaments. It is suggested, with much plausibility, that the present low price of silver will stimulate the passion of the Indian peasants for personal adornment, and will lead to an immense importation of silver. Into China there has already begun a considerable importation. Indeed, to that fact is chiefly due the rise in the price of the metal. It is curious that, while silver has been a drug in the European market, it was so scarce in China that a panic was nearly created. A considerable importation in consequence has set in from the United States direct, and also from India; and the opinion has begun to spread, with what foundation experience alone can show, that that vast Empire is ready to absorb all the silver that Europe can spare.

The vast extent of the silver-using countries must be taken into account in judging of the probabilities of the future. The area over which gold is the sole standard of value is comparatively small, even in the civilized part of the world. Throughout the Continent generally, for example, silver is, either jointly with gold or exclusively, the standard. And all over Asia silver is in sole possession of the field. Of course it does not follow, because the area is so vast, that therefore an indefinite capacity for absorption exists. Nor are we contending for any such theory. Our object is only to show that, in the present state of our knowledge, it would be rash to jump to the conclusion that the depreciation must continue. For that purpose we have pointed out the various directions in which a brisk demand for silver may possibly arise, or rather must arise unless the policy and currency laws of the greater part of Europe are changed. But we have ventured on no opinion as to whether that demand, supposing it to spring up, would restore the value of the metal. We now proceed to show that the depreciation itself has a tendency to call forces into action which would counteract, to some extent at least, those to which it is due. So far as the ascertained facts extend, they go to prove



that there has as yet been no general rise of prices in India, China, and the Indo-Chinese countries. If that be so, the depreciation has not extended to these regions. The consequence is that the prices of English goods—cotton, cloth, coal, iron, and so on—are much the same as they were before the depreciation. Therefore the English manufacturer or merchant who exports to those countries receives for his goods a sum of silver which at home at the present moment has lost sixteen per cent. of its purchasing power—that is to say, he in effect loses over three shillings in every nominal pound he receives. To him, therefore, practically prices have fallen in the proportion of from a pound to less than seventeen shillings. This is the secret of that unprofitableness of the Eastern trade of which we heard so much at the time of the Collie failure. The result, of course, is a great falling off in exports to India and China. But, on the other hand, the importer from India and China, being paid in gold, is able to buy over sixteen per cent. more silver than formerly; and as silver retains its purchasing power in the East, he practically gains nearly four shillings in every pound he turns over. Exportation from India and China is therefore as profitable as importation into those countries is the reverse, and inevitably is stimulated. In this way the exports tend to exceed the imports, and the excess, of course, must be paid for in specie—that is to say, the final result is a drain of silver to the East, such as occurred when the American Civil War led to the great exportation of Indian cotton. But if silver is exported in great quantities from Europe, its value will tend to rise here; and if it is imported into India and China in great quantities, its value will tend to fall there. In that way an equilibrium will tend to be restored. Prices will rise generally in the East, a greater volume of silver will in consequence be required in circulation, and the balances of imports and exports will be set right. This, at least, is what theory would lead us to expect, and there are some facts, such as the importation of wheat from Bombay, which seem\* to confirm theory. But we again remind the reader that we are not predicting, but only pointing out a side of the question too generally neglected. Assuming a great exportation of silver to the East, it would after a while revive the export trade from Europe, and would probably greatly increase the dealings of the East with the rest of the world. But it would have this disadvantage for the Indian Government, that, by raising prices generally, it would practically lower the land revenue; in other words, the land revenue would not go as far as it now does. But in the lower provinces of Bengal the land revenue is fixed for ever—in silver too; and in the rest of India it is settled generally for a term of thirty years. It could not, therefore, be raised for a long time. Thus the Government would escape loss by exchange only to lose on its permanent and long settlements. However, it is to be hoped that the stimulus given to trade would correspondingly raise the Customs revenue, and would create other sources of taxation to which recourse might be had. Thus the final result of the depreciation would be, on the assumption we are here making, to transform an Eastern fiscal system into a Western system.

#### GEORGE HERBERT AT DAUNTESLEY.

**B**ETWEEN Swindon and Bath express trains flying westward pass through a region more full of interest than some tourists seem to suppose. Malmesbury Abbey and Bradenstoke Priory are out of the way; but lovers of romantic ruins can seldom find anything more striking than the great arch of the north transept at Malmesbury, with the view beyond; and from the summit of the hill at Bradenstoke such a landscape may be seen as perhaps is not to be matched elsewhere in England. The valley below, towards the north, is traversed by the old coach road to Bath, by a canal, by the railway, and by the winding Avon; not the "lucid Avon" of Gray and Shakespeare, nor yet the Salisbury Avon, but another, which, entering Somersetshire near Bath, eventually falls into the Severn below Bristol. Its windings where they reflect the sky may be traced for miles till the hills gather closer and closer, and both hills and river are lost in the blue distance. The view must have been familiar to George Herbert, and the sentimental traveller will probably remember, as he sees it, the lines which begin,

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;

for in anything like clear weather the view is only bounded by the power of sight. The ground gradually ascends towards the west, commencing with the steep oolite hills at Corsham and Box, and the extreme distance is filled in with the higher ranges about Bath and even Bristol. It is strange to find so much scenery without mountains; but the oolite does not rise to any great height, and a few miles eastward the rolling clay hills of the Thames Valley begin. Just here the district has the advantage of being neither of the one formation nor of the other. A few miles south a line of low white cliffs marks the edge of the great table-land of Marlborough and Salisbury Plain, with Avebury near its northern and Stonehenge near its southern limit. But here, though the soil is chalky in places, oolitic in places, and clay or gravel in the valley, the gabled houses, with tall groups of chimneys and stone mullioned windows, attest the presence of ashlar, though red-tiled roofs have not given place altogether to brown "shingles." In the south-westward valley is Calne, with its great Perpendicular church, the first of a series which the traveller may study at intervals all along his way by Westbury into Somersetshire; and

Stanley Abbey once stood in the hollow below Bowood and Bremhill—Bowood, so famous in political history; Bremhill, sacred to the memories of two poets, different in everything poetical, but near neighbours in their lives. Sloperton Cottage, once the residence of Moore, is not far from the vicarage where Bowles "tuned his sheep bells in thirds and fifths."

Looking northward from Bradenstoke, the view is, if possible, of a still more pastoral character. The slope is slight towards Malmesbury, and the upland is all green with wood and meadow. It is literally a land flowing with milk and honey, abounding in butter and cheese, rich exceedingly in flocks and herds, and green fields and wide well-wooded parks, and little villages with great churches. There is Draycot Cerne, once the chief seat of the Longs, and the scene of Long Wellesley's fortune-hunting exploits. Near it are the two Somersfords, Broad and Little, and close to them another ford, locally called "Cus Malford," but more decently described in the maps as Christian Malford, neither name exactly representing the older form. Close to it is the railway station and canal lock of Dauntesey, Dauntsey, Dantsey, or Dantzy—there are perhaps as many ways of spelling it as of spelling Shakespeare or Berkhampstead. Two miles north is the church, and almost touching it the manor-house. The Avon here bends suddenly to the southward, and the high road crosses it by a bridge from which the church and hall may be seen standing near the water's edge on the ait, or ey, from which the name is derived. The house is modern and to the last degree uninteresting, but the church will repay the trouble of a visit. The manor was inherited by the Stradlings, of whom we have heard in Glamorgan, from the heiress of the Dauntesseys, and was afterwards successively owned by the Danverses, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the Mordaunts, Earls of Monmouth. Of the last of the Stradlings Aubrey tells a thrilling story, but modern investigations have not tended to confirm its credibility. On a certain Sunday morning the bell had been duly tolled, the congregation was all assembled, the rector was robed and in his place, but the chancel seats were empty. Those were days when country squires were waited for in church, and, Sir Edward and his family not making their appearance, the natural thing would have been, one might suppose, to go on without them. But no; the people left the church in a body and went to seek the Knight, and "the parson of the parish very gravely went along with them." Then it was discovered that no one had stirred that morning in the hall, but a ploughboy, who crept trembling from the hiding-place whence he had witnessed the murder of all but himself—and by whom? By the priest, the rector himself, who in due course was tried and hanged. Unfortunately there is only local tradition to support the story, and not even tradition to account for Aubrey's appendix to it. Sir John Danvers, he says, got early intelligence of the murder in London, and, going straightway to Paternoster Row, where the murdered man's sister lived in moderate circumstances, he "clapt up a match with her before she heard the newes." Thus Dauntesey came to the Danverses, and in 1629 was the residence of Henry, Earl of Danby, whose brother, Sir John Danvers, "the regicide," had married a widow. The widow's son was a pale, tall young man, "lean to an extremity," and with, as Walton further tells us, "a body apt to a consumption." Dauntesey is hardly, according to modern ideas, the place for a patient with lung disease, but in the seventeenth century they thought differently, and George Herbert was sent successively, when his complaint showed itself, first into Essex, and afterwards to Dauntesey, "a noble house which stands in a choice air." At Dauntesey he probably met his wife. She was a Danvers, the daughter of a cousin of Lord Danby, Charles Danvers of Baynton, a place which lies some ten miles or more further down the river, near Lacock. The story of the marriage has been often told. Walton gives it some romantic features, which Mr. Grosart, in his new Aldine edition of *Herbert's Poems* (Bell and Sons), takes unnecessary pains to refute. That Jane fell in love with George unseen, and that she married him three days after their first interview, as Walton says, cannot be disproved by references to the fact of "her near relative, Sir John Danvers"—Mr. Grosart does not say how near, but he was her father's first cousin—having been "for sixteen years the husband of George Herbert's mother and a true second father to him." They were not married here, but at Edington, near Westbury, on the 5th March, 1629, as Mr. Grosart has ascertained, though the register itself has perished. Herbert's connexion with Dauntesey is marked very plainly in the church. There is a little chapel on the north side of the chancel, half the space within its narrow bounds being filled by a great monument of marble. This is the tomb of the Earl of Danby, and the epitaph, which has been often printed, bears at the end the name of Herbert:—

Sacred marble, safely keep  
His dust who under thee must sleep,  
Untill the graves againe restore  
Theire dead and time shal bee no more;  
Meanwhile if Hee (which all things weares)  
Doe ruin thee: or if the tears  
Are shed for Him dissolve thy frame,  
Thou art requited; for His fame,  
His vertues, and His worth shal bee  
Another monument for thee.

G. HERBERT.

A moment's glance at this inscription will show that it was written, so to speak, at large. The second line refers to the tomb as empty, and alludes to a future tenant, and the pronouns *Him* and *His* are perhaps put in italics, as they are in the Church

Services, that they may be changed, if necessary, into *her* and *hers*. Strange to say, neither Walton, who gives a corrupted version, nor Mr. Grosart, who follows the actual inscription more closely, remarks that Lord Danby died nearly eleven years later than the poet who wrote the epitaph for his gravestone, and that the lines must have been made to order, perhaps when Herbert was at Dauntsey, and when the Earl set about the construction of his own resting-place. Lord Danby died in January 1644, the date on his tomb being 1643, following the old way of reckoning, when the year ended at the 25th March; but the question is much complicated by Zouche, who, in his edition of Walton's *Lives*, makes 1673 the date of the Earl's death.

The posthumous fame of Herbert—for his *Temple* was not published till after his death—has been great from the first, as is proved by the number of editions of his works which followed each other within a few years. Before the end of the century there had been fully a dozen, without counting one of which only a single copy remains, in a private collection. This edition, which has sometimes been considered the first, and which has lately been reprinted in facsimile under Mr. Grosart's care (Stock), is in reality exactly the same in the text as the two editions of 1633, even to the misprints—as, for example, one in the index under the word "Vertue"; but it has a title-page in which Herbert's name is accompanied by the words "late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge"—words which are wanting in the ordinary copies. It also omits the date, 1633, and differs in other respects from the title-page of the edition usually known as the first; but the only difference between the first and second editions is in the woodcut ornament used on one of the pages, and in this the reprint agrees with the first. On the whole, comparing the copies, and the differences of the titles, it is not easy to come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Grosart is mistaken in considering this a copy of a private edition issued before the ordinary first. On the contrary, it would seem from the addition of a bookseller's name, and from the mention of Herbert's office in the University, to be in reality a kind of re-issue of the first edition, and not earlier, but rather later, than the copies existing in the British Museum and other libraries. The gift copies of which Mr. Grosart speaks are more likely to be those in which Herbert's name stands without any addition rather than those which bore not only the name of the printer, but also a note which, as it seems to us, is fatal to Mr. Grosart's theory—"And are to be sold by Francis Green, Stationer in Cambridge." Privately printed books have seldom such advertisements on their title-pages. In reality, however, the question is of consequence only to a bookworm. The researches of bibliographers show us that the volume must have been issued at the first in two different forms—that is, with two different title-pages, one for private gifts, and one for public sale; and that, contrary to what might have been expected, the private title is less rare nowadays than the public one. The fact is easily established, and is not worth even the trouble it has cost; but a much more significant fact is that Herbert's poems should have retained their popularity, and that, as at their first publication, there are two rival copies—Mr. Grosart's and Mr. Gardner's—each claiming to be the true facsimile of the first edition. There is something almost childish in the serious discussion of the question; but it may be satisfactory to the minds of people who have chosen one or the other reprint to know that there is no difference in the text, for both are equally faulty and equally like the original.

The "sweet air" of Dauntsey did not do much for Herbert's malady, and Bemerton was not likely to help him. What the damp air of the Avon had left was soon consumed in the still damper valley at Salisbury. Four years and two days after he became the husband of Jane Danvers he was buried at Bemerton. The exact place of his grave is unknown, but the register contains the name of "Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton," an entry that might well have been adduced in recent controversies. His book was still unprinted, his fame had still to be made, but few have had the good fortune to be so much loved by their friends and so highly valued by posterity. His widow often lamented that she could not have laid down her own life to save his, and Izaak Walton concludes his account with a wish that he might be so happy as to die like him.

#### CABS AND CABMEN.

WE are glad to see from the latest Report of the Chief Commissioner of Police that he has at last been brought to see the necessity of more stringent regulations for the cabs of London. Colonel Henderson tells us that "careful inspection of the hackney and stage carriages has been maintained, and some improvement has been visible, especially among the Hansom cabs." Over three hundred new cabs were, he states, put on the streets during last year, but he adds that "none of the new description of cabs introduced from time to time appear to answer the requirements of London traffic so well as Hansom and Clarence cabs; and a Company formed to run a new style of carriage of a lighter construction have found it necessary to withdraw theirs from the streets." The failure of the new cabs may perhaps be partially due to the fact, which is also mentioned, that "the hackney carriage trade has been slack during the year, and many small proprietors have had to surrender their plates." The reason why the various cab Companies which have been tried have broken down has been, we fancy, not so much want of customers as want of

capital. They have usually been started without an adequate financial basis, and at the beginning of their career outlay naturally exceeds profits. It is absurd to suppose that the London public is either perfectly satisfied with the present cab system, or filled with a rooted prejudice against any kind of improvement. Colonel Henderson tells us that 741 hackney carriages were condemned during last year as absolutely unfit for public use, and that no less than 3,446 were found more or less unfit for use, and were prohibited from plying until the necessary repairs and alterations had been made. We are quite ready to admit that there has been to a certain extent a genuine improvement in cabs, and especially in Hansoms. The long stand in Piccadilly, for instance, often presents a highly creditable show both of cabs and horseflesh. Most of the Hansoms of London are, in fact, better horsed than the hackney carriages of any other city in the world; and for speed and fresh air they are excellent, though we are not sure that the appellation of "Patent Safety" is altogether deserved. The entrance to the vehicle is certainly very awkward, and even dangerous, and it is a wonder that the plan of making the door at the side has not made more progress. As to the four-wheelers, there is perhaps a slight improvement even here, but many of those which pass police inspection are by no means what they should be.

During the last few years a great deal has been done in various ways to improve the appearance of the capital, and make it more comfortable for the people who live in it. New lines of thoroughfare have been opened up, experiments have been made in smoother and less noisy pavements, and a desire has been shown generally to put the great city in such a condition that it shall be no discredit to the inhabitants. It should be remembered that London, for various reasons, has become, or is at least becoming, the chief rendezvous of the world, the headquarters alike of business and of pleasure; and it is desirable, therefore, for the sake of its guests as well as of its inhabitants, that it should be made as convenient and attractive as possible. From this point of view there is perhaps nothing of greater consequence than a good service of cabs, clean, neat, and handy. Distances are so great, and there is so much to be done in a day at such remote points of the compass, that cabs are almost one of the necessities of life, and even those who can afford to keep carriages of their own cannot dispense with cabs as a supplementary accommodation. It is a good many years now since the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in one of their Reports declared that "the four-wheeled cabs were a disgrace to the capital of a great empire," and though the denunciation is not quite so applicable now as it was then, there is still great room for further amendment.

Anything approaching to luxury or elegance can hardly perhaps be expected in an ordinary hack cab; but a cab ought at least to be clean, water-tight, properly hung on its springs, and free from bad smells; and there is no reason whatever why these conditions should not be fulfilled. Yet, whatever Colonel Henderson may say, there are still many cabs in London which do not come up to this exceedingly modest standard, we will not say of comfort, but of mere decency. The stench of some of these vehicles is enough to make any one sick; the cushions are tattered and soaked with grease, and the accumulation of dirt and dust in the interior is simply ruin to a lady's dress. The rain finds abundant inlets even when a passenger braves suffocation by closing the windows, and his aching bones tell for an hour afterwards of the shaking which has been inflicted. Everybody knows this, suffers from it, and grumbles about it, but reform is slow. If the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis wishes to see in what respects the cabs he is so contented with fall short of those in other places, he cannot do better than go to Edinburgh. If you go there you find at call in the streets a handsome, roomy carriage, thrown open if it is good weather, closed or half-closed if it is raining or cold, and fitted up with neat drab cushions, stuffed back, and tidy window-blinds. The horse is fairly groomed, and the harness is in good condition. The driver is roughly but respectably dressed; it is only in London that the cabman's patchwork of strange rags is seen. Edinburgh drivers no doubt have their weaknesses like other men, but they are usually civil and obliging, and there is this great check upon them, that you need have nothing to say to them unless you like, and that a complaint to their employers would probably lead to their dismissal. They know this, and behave themselves accordingly. The cabs in Edinburgh are not in the hands of wretched creatures such as many of those in London who use them for the purposes of mendicancy and extortion. They are provided by a number of respectable proprietors, men of means and position, who are well known, who have conspicuous offices, and who for their own sake take care to enforce order and civility among their men. This keeps up a general standard of good behaviour by which everybody profits. If you want a cab to take you anywhere, you have only to send an order to one of the cab offices which are scattered all over the town, and the cab comes to your door punctually at the appointed time, takes you to your destination, and, if required, comes back for you at any time you fix. You can either settle with the driver, or, if you prefer it, pay the bill at the cab office, where the exact fare can be authoritatively ascertained. If you are in the habit of using cabs, you can pay your bills weekly or monthly. The great advantage of this system is of course that the passenger has a respectable tradesman to deal with, and not, it may be, an obscure, anonymous ruffian whose only interest is to extort as much as he can at the moment, and who, if he misconducts himself, can be got at only at the cost



of spending a day at the police-court. It is the interest of the cab-proprietor to see that passengers are well treated, because he wants their custom, and knows that if they are satisfied they will come to him again.

In London, if a man who does not keep, or cannot afford the hire of, a carriage wants to catch an early train at a railway-station, what can he do? He can bargain with a cabman the day before to come and fetch him at a particular hour. If it is before eight or nine o'clock in the morning, the man will not listen to him unless he will promise double fare or something like it. And after all this chaffering and bargaining, it is a hundred chances to one that the cab will never come at all, and that the unfortunate traveller will either miss his train or have to hunt about the streets for a chance vehicle. It is much the same if a cab is wanted to take one home from a dinner-party or theatre; extra fare is demanded, and it is always doubtful whether the cab will come. The fact is, that at present there is hardly any control attempted over cabmen, except for serious police offences. It is not so much the cabs as the drivers that are amiss. There are no doubt some respectable men, who keep pretty closely to particular stands, and try to cultivate regular customers. But a large body of cabmen prefer to wander about, picking up a job here and a job there, without caring or expecting to see the same passenger again. A good character is no object to them. Their master is satisfied if they bring home the price of the cab for the day, and is quite indifferent to the manner in which they may have treated their fares; on the other hand, the men know that in all probability they will never see the fares again, and have no motive for cultivating their goodwill.

There can be no doubt that the unsatisfactory condition of the London cab service is mainly due to the very low class of people who carry on the business. Of course there are respectable cab-proprietors and drivers, but the scum at the bottom spreads its taint more or less through the whole body. It is probably indispensable that there should be a fixed tariff for public vehicles, and this places them all on the same footing as regards remuneration. On the other hand, the conditions on which cabs and drivers are licensed are so slight and easy that dirty and rickety old boxes on wheels and incompetent and disreputable men are admitted to the competition. We are glad to hear that the police are more particular than they used to be, but they have still much to do in this respect; and it is difficult to see why there should not be open carriages for hire on the stands in London as in Edinburgh. These would, we imagine, obtain abundant customers in summer weather. In regard to the drivers, we observe that Mr. Eccles, the Superintendent of the Paddington Division—the famous X Division—makes some remarks which we trust will not be overlooked by his good-natured and easily-satisfied chief. "Amongst other matters worthy of notice," he says, "I wish to draw attention to hackney-carriage drivers and tickets. There are certain drivers who prowling about the streets, and are seldom or never seen on a rank, who, for illicit purposes, rarely give their fares tickets, or, if repeatedly asked and threatened with proceedings, give one with the name of the proprietor of another cab thereon. More especially is this done when the drivers charge more than their legal fare to ladies, who, to avoid alteration, pay the amount and take the ticket, not noticing the number of the cab, in the vain hope of having matters righted afterwards." The Superintendent suggests that every cab should have a small box or slide inside into which the driver should be compelled to place a ticket after setting down a fare, and a request to take it should be conspicuously painted over the box. "Such a system," he says, "would prevent a great deal of extortion and imposition, and would greatly facilitate inquiries for lost property, &c.; and if a ticket were not obtained, it would be the fare's own fault, and not the driver's." This seems to us a very reasonable proposition, but it must be remembered that the number of the cab as well as that of the cabman should be obtained. Often the mistake is made of taking only the number of the cab, which may afford no clue to the driver's whereabouts. There can be no doubt that a very important security would be afforded for the character and manners of cabmen if they were bound, as a matter of course, and not merely when asked, to give a ticket, just as Railway Companies and tramways do.

What is wanted is a more rigorous inspection of cabs, and a higher standard of cleanliness and comfort. This would lead not only to an improvement of the vehicles, but it would tend to drive out of the business the residuum who now infest it. At present a large proportion of the cabs are in the hands of broken-down, needy people, who, even if they had the desire, have not the means, to keep them in decent repair. Moreover, if a better sort of cabs were insisted on, it would probably check the nomadic habits of London cabmen, and encourage them to keep more regularly to their stands. It would not pay for a good cab to go knocking about all over London on chance. More stringent rules ought also to be laid down with regard to the horses; and it should be made less easy to get a driver's licence. As to fares, the proposal that there should be a higher price for a superior class of vehicles is very reasonable; indeed it is strange that it has not already been tried. But the present scale of fares is at any rate quite enough for the present style of cabs, and would pay very well if the business were taken up by a solid, respectable class of people, with sufficient capital to work with. But here we come back to the root of the evil. It may be conceived what would be the state of things if the provision trade, for example, were in the hands, not of shopkeepers, each under the influence and control of regular customers,

and anxious to please them, but of wandering costermongers, perpetually changing their beats, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and utterly careless what is thought of their behaviour. What is wanted is that people should be enabled, as in Edinburgh, to deal, not with the drivers, but with a proprietor who has a character to keep up, and to whom complaints can be made with effect. Nothing would do so much to encourage the use of cabs as an arrangement of this kind; and it is surprising that the better order of cab-proprietors do not try the experiment.

## REVIEWS.

### THE POEMS OF SIR JOHN DAVIES.\*

MR. GROSART is an indefatigable and enthusiastic editor, with a sincere sympathy with whatever is good and manly in conduct and orthodox in speculation. But he falls a ready victim to that common temptation of literary editors, to love over-much the creatures and objects of their toil. It is inability to resist this temptation that sets men publishing long and luxurious editions of such authors as *Crowne* and *Mrs. Behn*—writers of whom a decent nineteenth century might well believe itself safely rid. It sets literary societies flooding the world with elaborate dulness, without any candid attempt on the part of the members to make clear to themselves how far their volumes belong to literature and how far to science pure and simple. Rather, indeed, one sees a constant effort in such societies to keep their work within the sphere of literature proper, and to claim the audience and the rewards of literature. It is the same with Mr. Grosart, though in a less obvious way. With him, indeed, it is not a case of forcing into the domain of literature what belongs solely to the domain of history and philology. The world of literature could ill afford to cast out from her such names as *Lord Brooke*, *Sir John Davies*, and *John Donne*, and it is over his treatment of these three authors in particular that we should be most disposed to quarrel with Mr. Grosart. But the tendency which makes others cover with the name of literature what is properly not literature at all, but only scientific material of one kind or another, sets Mr. Grosart and many others of his vocation playing strange tricks with literature itself, altering standpoints, removing landmarks, and falsifying perspectives, till the bewildered reader is almost confused into believing that *Milton* is really an inferior thinker to *Lord Brooke*, and that *Wordsworth*, both as a poet and as a philosopher, is less rich and less productive than *Sir John Davies*. Against this malady of antiquarianism, which is constantly striving to advance small names to an undue rivalry with great, the average reader and worker cannot be too much on his guard. And the book before us, full and painstaking as it is, is marked with very evident traces of it.

Mr. Grosart has given us a complete edition of all the known poetical works of *Sir John Davies*, promising a new edition of all his prose works shortly in the *Fuller Worthies' Library*. To the present edition of the poems a short *Life* is prefixed, to be hereafter expanded, with some details as to the dates and order of the minor poems, and a large amount of criticism, and criticism of criticism, of the poems themselves. As we have already hinted, Mr. Grosart's critical remarks are neither very convincing nor very impartial, as will be seen, we think, by any careful reader of *Sir John Davies's* poems; but even in the *Life* of his author the editorial passion has run riot with facts. According to Mr. Grosart, *Sir John Davies* possessed "a prescience of outlook into the future, combined with fearless and magnanimous dealing with contemporary problems, a high-hearted resistance in the face of manifold temptations to slacken effort, and a fecundity of resource and fullness of knowledge and vigilance of observation that ought to be written on a white page of our national history." Could more be said of *Pym*, *Hampden*, and *Falkland*, rolled into one? Let us see how far the facts which Mr. Grosart gives us about *Sir John Davies* justify these remarks—premising indeed, in all fairness, that Mr. Grosart professes to have fuller materials in his possession for this end than he has yet made public. Taking his present instalment, however, as it stands, the facts about *Sir John Davies's* life are as follows. He was the son of one *John Davies* of *Chisgrove*, a country gentleman of some means and position in *Wiltshire*, and was born in *April 1569*. He died in *1626*, the first year of *Charles I.*, so that his life corresponds with the best and richest epoch of *Elizabethan literature*. At the age of sixteen we find him at *Oxford*, according to one authority a commoner of *New College*, according to another a member of *Queen's*. He had already lost his father, and five years later, when he had left *Oxford* and was a young law student in the *Middle Temple*, his mother died, leaving him practically alone in the world, and dependent on his own gifts for advancement. During the seven or eight years which followed young *Davies* seems to have led a wild town life, sometimes in *London*, sometimes in *Oxford*, where he took his *Bachelor's degree* in *1590*. His epigrams, as coarse as anything of that outspoken time, and worthy companions of *Marlowe's* translation from *Ovid*, with which they were published, remain to witness to a period of license and excess. In *1595*, however, he negotiated with one *John Harrison* for the publica-

\* *Early English Poets. The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies*. Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

tion of *Orchestra, or, Poem of Dancing*, perhaps the most genuinely poetical of all his poems; and he seems to have belonged to the general literary society of the day, to judge at least by the one fact of his friendship for Richard Martin, himself the friend of Selden, Ben Jonson, and others. In 1598 came a sudden end both to his London life and to his friendship with Martin. A quarrel probably between the friends, in which Martin had made use of his ready wit at Davies's expense, brought about a singular revenge on Davies's part. Accompanied by two other persons armed with swords, and himself armed with a dagger, Davies penetrated into the hall of the Middle Temple at dinner-time, and, drawing a cudgel from under his gown, belaboured his quondam friend with such good will that the weapon broke in his hands. Then, before the bystanders could recover themselves, he and his companions had jumped through the window, crossed the strip of ground between them and the river, and were soon rowing fast out of sight. The injured Bar, however, was not slow to assert itself. Little more than a month after this scene Davies was unanimously "disbarred," and "deprived for ever of all authority to speak or consult in law." With this public disgrace Davies's wild-oats period seems to have come to an end. Henceforth, at any rate, we find him leading a worthier and a wiser life. The change indeed was a strangely sudden one, for he passed the year immediately following his disgrace in quiet study at Oxford, and in writing there his longest and most important poem, the *Nosce Teipsum*. It was published in 1599 under the auspices of Lord Mountjoy, who advised Davies to dedicate it to Elizabeth, and himself introduced him personally to the Queen. This introduction—naturally a great event in the young writer's life—was followed very quickly by the *Hymnes to Astraea*. Two or three of them have the true Elizabethan music, and the flattery of them may be pardoned to a young man of thirty just brought within the circle of that magic influence which had already turned the heads of so many of his greater contemporaries. Davies's foot was now on the first step of the ladder, and his rise was rapid. In November 1601, mainly through the influence of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, the sentence of disbarring was publicly recalled, and Davies and Martin went through a quaint ceremony of reconciliation in the same hall apparently where the cudgelling had been performed. About the same time we find Davies in Parliament as member for Corfe Castle, and making a creditable appearance as one of the assailants of monopolies, the most pressing grievance of the day.

Two years afterwards the great Queen passed away. In those two years Davies's fortunes must have made great progress, for his name appears as accompanying Lord Hunsdon into Scotland on the formal embassy which announced his accession to James I. James recognized and flattered the author of *Nosce Teipsum*, and a few months later Davies found himself appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland, and knighted, moreover, immediately upon his arrival in Dublin. Of his Irish work Mr. Grosart cannot speak in too swelling words. "I know no more noble story," he says, "than the work of Sir John Davies in and for Ireland." To the Englishman of to-day few things are more refreshing than the discovery of any past good deeds of his countrymen in Ireland, and one turns eagerly to the "few outward facts" which Mr. Grosart provides us with for the present, while promising much larger things in the future. All, however, that appears from the present narrative, after the most careful perusal, is, first, that Sir John Davies was on very good terms with both his superiors in Ireland and his employers in England—a fact which certainly proves very little with respect to the goodness or badness of his Irish policy—and, secondly, that, after eleven years' service, he received a large slice of forfeited land, and was allowed to transfer his office to a relative on advantageous terms. This is literally all that can be gathered from the one or two stray facts given, and from the few complimentary letters from great personages to Sir John, which Mr. Grosart has printed for us. He may indeed have an avalanche of facts in reserve, but they must be a good deal stronger in every direction than those he has already produced if we are to accept his lofty estimate of Davies as an Irish statesman. The last public act of Davies's life is one over which even Mr. Grosart is a little plaintive. About 1624 the ex-Solicitor-General wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Question concerning Impositions, Tonnage, Poundage, Prizes, Customs, &c., fully stated and argued from Reason, Law, and Policy," and dedicated it to James I. The drift of the pamphlet will appear from what followed. In November 1626, after much public excitement on this same question of impositions, Chief Justice Crew was discharged from his office for refusing to recognize the legality of forced loans, and Charles immediately chose the author of "the Question concerning Impositions" to fill the vacant post. The pamphlet is, in fact, one of the most extravagant utterances of the time on the side of prerogative and divine right, and came badly from one who in his younger days had known how to maintain a nobler attitude towards royal encroachments. It is no uncommon story this of the successful and worldly-wise statesman sobering down from a wild and effervescent youth into conservative old age. The tendency of the successful official is inevitably to glorify the powers that be. Still, for an editor who is determined to make all his authors into heroes, such a last appearance as this of Davies in English politics must be somewhat discouraging. To the ordinary reader it seems a very natural ending to a life, respectable indeed in most of its aspects, but in no sense heroic. Davies did not live to enjoy his new dignity, dying suddenly just a month after Crew's disgrace.

Davies's literary fame rests upon the poem the original title-page of which was "*Nosce Teipsum*. This Oracle expounded in two Elegies; (1) of Humane Knowledge, (2) of the Soule of Man, and the Immortalitie thereof." Almost exactly a century after its appearance a new edition of it was published by Nahum Tate, the colleague of Dr. Brady in the New Version of the Psalms, and of Dryden in some of his satires. To Tate's edition some "ingenious and learned divine" (perhaps the great Brady himself) prefixed a notice of the poem, in which he said, "It would be of great benefit to the beaus of this age to carry this glass in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think rather than dress well. It would be of use also to the wits and virtuoses to carry this antidote against the poison they have sucked in from Lucretius and Hobbes." It may be doubted whether any one who was not convinced already was ever seriously moved by Davies's reasoning, which, after all, is only what may be found in substance in many a mediæval writer. Mr. Grosart is very indignant at the suggestion that Davies borrowed the scheme of his poem from Nemæusius "On the Nature of Man," a translation of which was published by George Wither in 1636; but a disinterested reader will think it exceedingly likely, to say the least, that Davies had read Nemæusius. However, this ought not to make much difference to our estimate of the poem, provided he has made the thoughts his own; for, as the editor truly says, "poetry is poetry, whatever be its matter and form, if the thinking be glorified by imagination or tremulous with emotion." The imagination, however, must be very strong that can struggle successfully against the trammels which are imposed on her by the very nature of Davies's design. Shakspeare himself might find a difficulty in dealing poetically, and yet precisely, with "The Imagination or Common Sense; the Fantaisie; the Sensitive Memorie; the Passions of Sense; the Motion of Life; the Locale Motion; the Intellectual Powers of the Soul," and the like. Certainly Davies, from his very desire to be minute and philosophically convincing, fails poetically in his treatment of what might be so rich a theme—the bodily senses. Here are two stanzas from his account of Sight:—

If th' object be farre off, the rayes doe meet  
In a sharpe point, and so things seem but small;  
If they be neere, their rayes doe spread and fleet,  
And make broad points, that things seem great with all.  
Lastly, nine things to Sight required are;  
The power to see, the light, the visible thing,  
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too farre,  
Cleare space, and time, the forme distinct to bring.

But when he deserts this region of axioms and definitions for a more genuinely poetical field, he gives us many a beautiful image, in the rich and sonorous English which came naturally to the Elizabethans. Witness "the Soule compared to a River," or, still better, these stanzas from the latter part of the same section:—

As a king's daughter, being in person sought  
Of divers princes, who doe neighbour neere;  
On none of them can fixe a constant thought,  
Though shee to all doe lend a gentle eare:  
Yet shee can love a forraigne emperour,  
Whom of great worth and power she heares to be;  
If she be woo'd but by embassadour,  
Or but his letters or his pictures see:  
For well she knowes, that when she shall be brought  
Into the kingdom where her Spouse doth raigne;  
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought;  
Himselfe, his state, his glory, and his traine.  
So while the virgin Soule on Earth doth stay,  
She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand wayes,  
By these great powers which on the Earth beare sway;  
The wisdom of the World, wealth, pleasure, praise.  
With these sometime she doth her time beguile,  
These doe by fits her Fantasie possesse;  
But she distastes them all within a while,  
And in the sweetest finds a tediousnesse.  
But if upon the World's Almighty King  
She once doe fix her humble loving thought;  
Who by this picture, drawn in everything,  
And sacred messages her love hath sought;  
Of Him she thinks, she cannot think too much;  
This honey, tasted still, is ever sweet;  
The pleasure of her ravish thought is such,  
As almost here, she with her blisse doth meet:  
But when in Heaven she shall his essence see  
This is her soveraigne good and perfect blisse:  
Her longings, wishings, hopes all finisht be,  
Her joyes are full, her motions rest in this;  
There is she crowned with garlands of content,  
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drinke;  
That Presence doth such high delights present,  
As never tongue could speake, nor heart could thinke.

If the whole of *Nosce Teipsum* were on this level, it would be a magnificent poem. But, as it is, it is only the occurrence of a few such passages that makes it a poem at all. Outside those passages the poetical qualities of Davies should be judged from his shorter poems—*The Orchestra*, in praise of dancing; and the *Hymnes of Astraea*, a group of delightful little acrostic poems on the words "Elisabetha Regina." We will conclude with one of these latter, "To the Moneth of September":—

E ach moneth hath praise in some degree  
L et May to others seeme to be  
I n sense the sweetest season;  
S eptember, thou art best to me  
A nd best dost please my reason.



B ut neither for thy corne nor wine  
E xtoll I those mild days of thine,  
T hough corne and wine might praise thee;  
H eaven gives thee honour more divine  
A nd higher fortunes raise thee.  
R enown'd art thou, sweet moneth, for this  
E mong thy dayes her birthday is;  
G race, plenty, peace, and honour  
I n one fair hour in her were borne;  
N ow since they still her crowne adorne,  
A nd still attend upon her.

#### MRS. CREIGHTON'S LIFE OF THE BLACK PRINCE.\*

IT is not for outsiders to interfere with the domestic arrangements of the present series of Historical Biographies; but it is certain that Mr. Creighton has laid on his wife a harder task than that which he took for himself. Mrs. Creighton has, we think, done as well as could be done on the scale and under the circumstances; but her subject put her under disadvantages from which her husband's subject was free. No better subject could be found for a work in this shape than the Life of Simon of Montfort. It is at once a biography and a piece of European history. To write the Life of Simon involves writing all the history of England, and a large part of the history of Europe, during his age. It involves it, not merely to explain this or that, to fill up gaps or the like; but because it is all really a part of the story of Simon himself. Simon is really a central figure; he is one of the great minds of the world's history, one of the men who have left their personal mark on ages to come. Simon not only did great things in a certain position; he himself made his own position, a position altogether exceptional and personal to himself. Edward Prince of Wales and Aquitaine holds no such place in history as this. The utmost that can be said of him by the most favourable biographer would be that, being placed in a certain position, he played his part well in it. He stands out no doubt conspicuously in his own time, but he has left no personal impress on after time. We can see that he had men around him who, if they had been born to his position, would most likely have done greater things than he did. Sir Walter Manny and Sir John Chandos were clearly abler men than the Prince whom they served. But they were not, any more than he, men of the stamp of Simon, men who by their own character distinctly influence the history of the world. The difference between the two subjects is at once clear in the treatment of them. Mr. Creighton's Life of Simon is really a Life of Simon. We have Simon before us from one end of it to the other. If we begin a little before Simon's birth, and go on a little after his death, it is still the story of Simon. To take in the position of Simon we must take in the position of his father, and to understand what Simon's work really was, we must go on to see it carried out by his destroyer and disciple. The whole history of the time, in short, gathers round the great Earl. The story of Simon is the story of England, and the story of England is the story of Simon. But, when we turn to Mrs. Creighton's Life of the Black Prince, we find that what we really have before us is not a biography, but an epoch, a period, according to the nomenclature of some of the rival series. This is no fault of Mrs. Creighton's; it is the fault of the scheme and of the subject. It would be possible to write a Life of the Black Prince simply as a Life of the Black Prince, minutely and critically examining every detail of his life. Or it would be possible to write the Life of the Black Prince as an illustration of the manners and feelings of his age. But a Life according to either of these types would not at all answer the purposes of Mr. Creighton's series. What we do get is a narrative description of the times, from which the Black Prince is often absent for a good while together. If the series was to be of any historical value, the volume devoted to the fourteenth century could not leave out the Scottish war, the Black Death, the Statute of Labourers, Wickliffe, Chaucer, the triumph of English over French, the insurrection of Wat Tyler and his fellows. All these things make up a most important part of the history of the century, more important perhaps when taken together than all the events in which the Black Prince had any hand. All these are events in which the Black Prince had no hand. Yet, if the series is to serve its purpose, they must be told; hence there are a good many pages of the Life of the Black Prince in which we hear very little of the Black Prince. This is not in the case in the Life of Simon; it would in fact have been impossible for so many great events to have gone on in Simon's day without Simon having some hand in them. Thus, while the Life of Simon really is a Life of Simon and contains nothing which has not in some way something to do with Simon, the Life of the Black Prince is rather a history of the time in which the Black Prince lived, in which he is perhaps more prominent than any other one figure, but in which he is not, like Simon in the other volume, the one central figure of everything. This comes out specially in what we may call the posthumous part of the two stories. The history of Simon must go on after his death, because his work went on after his death. The legislation of Edward the First is an essential part of the history of Simon, but the revolt of Wat Tyler is not in the same way part of the history of the Black Prince; he had personally nothing to do with it. He

is concerned with it only as any man may be said to be concerned with anything which happens to his widow and his son.

We think that this difference in the two subjects, and the necessary difference in their treatment of it, may give some warnings as to the working of Mr. Creighton's series. It is only a few specially great and exceptional men like Simon whose biography is in itself the history of the age in which they lived. It is still rarer to find them, as in the case of Simon, among men who are not kings, and only incidentally rulers. The other names which are as yet on Mr. Creighton's list are Sir Walter Raleigh, Oliver Cromwell, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Duke of Wellington. Now of these Cromwell is the only one whose history is in itself the history of his time, the only one who in truth himself made the history of his time. The others are eminent men, great men, perhaps even representative men; but they do not rank with the great Earl and the great Protector. Their history will not be of itself the history of their several times. A great deal with which they had nothing to do will have to be put in if it is to be made into the history of their several times. In short, it seems to us that, except in some special cases, biography must be secondary and not primary. The general course of events, the general state of things, must be thoroughly well understood before the lives of particular men can give real historical instruction.

But, as regards the little volume before us, we think that Mrs. Creighton has succeeded as far as success was possible. She has given a very good little sketch of a great part of the fourteenth century, with the Black Prince as its chief figure. She has carefully worked in the main points in the history of the time, and she has clearly worked to good purpose at the best and newest lights. And she deserves special credit for being very little, if at all, dazzled by that tinsel of chivalry which has thrown such a false glitter over the reign of Edward the Third. There is perhaps a little lingering love for an imposture which managed to put on such bright colours; but, on the whole, Mrs. Creighton sees clearly through the great system of oligarchic exclusiveness of which William Rufus seems to have been the chief inventor, and which put on its most grotesquely fantastic shape in the days of the Black Prince. Mrs. Creighton makes a faint attempt, not indeed to justify the massacre of Limoges, but to show that it was not against the received morality of the time, that the Black Prince by that deed showed nothing more than that he belonged to his own age and did not rise above it. Now the fourteenth century was a very poor time, but we cannot think quite so badly of it as Mrs. Creighton seems to do. That the massacre of Limoges was not approved by the morality of the time is plain, both by its standing alone in the course of the war and by the tone in which it is recorded. At any rate, it was quite contrary to the morality of an earlier age. It is not likely that either Harold or William would have been so amazingly civil to a captive enemy as the Black Prince was to King John of France. It is quite possible that William might have shut him up in prison, such a prison as Helias was shut up in by William Rufus. But then neither of them nor, we believe, Rufus either, did anything like the massacre of Limoges. Le Mans and York and Exeter were dealt with in quite another sort. Rufus might have spared the knights who fought against him, simply for their courage and for no better reason; but it is not recorded of Rufus himself that he ever massacred helpless women and children in cold blood. To spare the armed enemy and to murder the unarmed victim was the very perfection of chivalry; it was so chivalrous that the age of chivalry itself protested against it. But, on the whole, Mrs. Creighton has emancipated herself from chivalrous talk to a very creditable degree. Let us hear her speak for herself:—

Courtesy was another distinguishing feature of chivalry. By this was meant true courtesy, springing from the heart, and showing itself in modesty, consideration for others, self-denial, as well as in matters of outward gesture and punctilio. Courtesy was shown as much to foe as to friend, and did much towards softening the ferocity of war. A true knight must also be liberal; he must be inspired with an active sense of justice, and a burning indignation of wrong. But whilst extending the sympathy of a knight to all his companions in knighthood, whether friend or foe, chivalry narrowed his sympathy to those of his own class. Princes did their utmost to encourage chivalry, to provide tournaments where their knights might exhibit their valour, and to cover them with every possible distinction. But while caring for the knights they forgot the people. The spirit of chivalry was a class spirit, and narrowing in its tendency. It recognised neither the rights nor the interests of the people; and when once the people had grown strong enough to assert their rights, and make their importance felt, the doom of chivalry was sealed. It continued to exist with all its pageantry long after its real life and spirit was dead. Perhaps it was never so magnificent in its outward show as it was during the reign of Edward III., when its decay had already begun.

The only question which we have to ask about this is whether the thing ever had any real life and spirit at any time, except the spirit to which it was compared in the scathing saying of Arnold. It is only fair too to give Mrs. Creighton's own words about the black deed at Limoges:—

The sack of Limoges shows us the dark side of chivalry. We must not blame the Black Prince too severely for it. In sacrificing the innocent inhabitants of a whole city to his revenge, he was only acting in accordance with the spirit of the age in which he lived. The views of life in which he had been educated had taught him no respect for human life as such. His generous emotions were not called out by the piteous suffering of women and children, but by the brave fighting of men-at-arms. This was what chivalry led to, and all its bright features cannot make us forgive its disregard of human suffering. Doubtless this terrible sack is a blot upon the Black Prince's character; but we could hardly have hoped to find him superior to his age. In this as much as in his nobler deeds he is a true type of chivalry, and shows us how very partial and one-sided was its civilizing

\* *Life of Edward the Black Prince.* By Louise Creighton. With Map and Plans. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1876.

effect. We must remember also, in his excuse, that he was at that time suffering from a severe and painful illness, and suffering even more bitterly in mind at the loss of his proud position, and the break up of his dominions. But whilst trying to see what may be said in his excuse, we must not shut our eyes to the enormity of the crime. The massacre of this innocent population could do no good, and could have no beneficial result. What the Black Prince did was to sacrifice all the inhabitants of a prosperous city to his own thirst for revenge.

Against this terrible crime we must set the Prince's share in the patriotic work of the Good Parliament. We must balance the good work against the bad one how we can. Mrs. Creighton tells all this time very well. Indeed she tells her tale very well throughout. But we cannot help being a little amused when at Cressy "the blind King of Bohemia" is, as in so many earlier narratives of that fight, taken for granted, without any answer to the very natural question, What brought the King of Bohemia there at all, whether blind or gifted with sight? But the blind King of Bohemia was not all; King John had a son. In Macaulay's verses we hear of

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield.

But in Mrs. Creighton's narrative, just as in that of Lingard, though Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow are both there, Caesar's eagle shield is missing. In Mr. Longman's History, the presence of the author of the Golden Bull is duly recorded, though not so plainly as it might have been. After this we naturally looked to Poitiers for that yet more mysterious person the Duke of Athens; but he seems to have vanished altogether. In p. 92 we cannot understand what is meant by Charles the Bad of Navarre having inherited "the earldom of Normandy and Evreux." Ought we to read "the earldom of Evreux in Normandy"? Charles was undoubtedly Count of Evreux, and Mrs. Creighton is rather fond, like many of our earlier writers, from the Chroniclers downwards, of carrying English titles beyond sea.

On the darkest of all constitutional subjects we cannot look for much light anywhere. But it would have been possible to get nearer to facts than the following sentence:—

In the reign of Edward III., therefore, we find Parliament divided very much as it is now, into the Upper and Lower Houses. The clergy still sat apart, and formed what is now called the House of Convocation. Only the spiritual peers, that is, the members of the higher clergy, who by holding land directly from the Crown were in the same position as the barons, sat in the Upper House of Parliament.

Mrs. Creighton writes from the province of York, which may account for the phrase "House of Convocation." But certainly no one would guess from this account that there are two Convocations, one of which at least consists of two Houses, and that the Bishops of the province of Canterbury have seats in the Upper House both of Parliament and of Convocation. Still all these things, though they need correction, can be corrected. We do not think the Life of the Black Prince a well-chosen subject—at all events, not as a companion piece to Earl Simon; but the fault is the fault of the subject, the general merit of its treatment is Mrs. Creighton's own.

#### GERMAN HOME LIFE.\*

IT is probable that, in spite of the present fashion among English people of affecting a deep interest in everything German, very little is really known respecting the domestic life of Germans. The young ladies who live for a year or two in Germany *en pension* for the sake of completing their education are shut out, through their ignorance of the spoken language, from all close and accurate observation of family life; and as for those who pass a few weeks in Germany in order to combine an agreeable autumn tour with an opportunity of seeing a few German celebrities and gaining a smattering of the German conversational idiom, they rarely, if ever, have a chance of peeping into the private home life of the people. There are of course plenty of Englishmen who have lived for many years among the Germans, and have had opportunities of studying their customs; but these have not yet done much to render English readers familiar with the less obtrusive aspects of German life. The general ignorance of English people respecting Germany and the Germans has just been illustrated in the success of a series of papers on German life published by a lady in *Fraser's Magazine*, and now collected under the title of *German Home Life*. These papers deal for the most part with the most superficial aspects of German life, such as any quick observer might easily seize in the course of a few months' residence in the country; and the author, convinced apparently of the profound ignorance of her countrymen respecting Germany and the Germans, does not disdain to tell us such simple facts as that servants address children in Germany as *Da*. And these sketches have evidently been eagerly read by large numbers of English people. It appears, therefore, that our countrymen find information respecting the manner in which German ladies dress, their peculiar modes of preparing food, their precise relations to their servants and to their husbands, as curious and entertaining as though the subject of the narration were some strange tribe newly discovered in a remote region of the globe.

The work before us pretends to no systematic form, but consists simply of a series of detached essays on such subjects as Servants, Food, Language, Manners and Customs, Women, Religion, &c. Even the title of the volume, which is supposed to unite these

diversified magazine articles, fails to accomplish its purpose; for, strictly speaking, scarcely one-half of the contents has specially to do with home life. This want of systematic form seems to be due to a defect in the author's mind, since one frequently comes on the same topic in different essays, and in every paper there are numerous and often startling digressions from the particular matter in hand. In truth, the book is made up of heaps of detached observations, mingled, we must add, with numerous inferences, which seem to have accumulated during some years' residence in Germany, and which have never been reduced to any connected form. There is no serious attempt to group the various facts observed about the leading traits of the national mind; and the little that the author gives us in the shape of a retrospect of historical antecedents does not lead us to suppose that she would be competent to account for the development of those features of German life which she here seeks to describe.

Regarding the book, then, as making no claim to a serious study of the sources of contemporary German life, but as affording the reader a lively description of the results of immediate personal observation, we may say at once that it is not without a certain kind of merit. The author has for the most part succeeded in giving her readers a lively and agreeable representation of that which has fallen immediately under her own observation. She displays in some places womanly tact in noting and interpreting little details of social behaviour which might easily escape a male observer. More especially it strikes us that she has seized pretty accurately the spirit in which a German wife is commonly expected to comport herself towards her lord and master. The writer, of course, finds enough in German social life that is grotesque and ludicrous from an English point of view, and she makes the most of these aspects of her subject as targets for the shafts of an unsparing ridicule. Yet it may be urged that there is no great skill required in poking fun at a stout German's manner of taking his food, or at the gracelessness of a German woman's toilet and carriage, or at the stiff pomposities of the German mode of address; and after the poor people have been laughed at so long and so frequently by French satirists and by English correspondents, special as well as occasional, the author's efforts in this direction can hardly be regarded as an original performance. One might naturally expect, too, that a lady who appears to have lived so long in Germany, and to have held so many intimate relations with German families, would have been able to abandon the point of view of a narrow English mind, and to recognize a value and even a charm under what is at first sight bizarre and uncouth, as well as to balance well-ascertained defects by accompanying excellences. This the author certainly does not do. To give an instance, is it quite fair to talk about the tyranny of "die Mode" in Germany as the author does (pp. 182 and 208), without giving the slightest indication that, on the whole, Germans are vastly freer from the coercion of fashion than ourselves? In some cases the writer seems, in spite of an occasional gushing passage about German diminutives, &c., to be too much of an Englishwoman to detect excellence in anything "un-English"; in many others she omits to call attention to points of superiority in German modes of life which go far to outweigh their more conspicuous deficiencies. In some instances, moreover, one fails to see where the particular funniness aimed at really lies, as when the author ridicules the plentiful use of adjectives by Germans on viewing beautiful scenery; as though "reizend," "himmlisch," &c. were more ridiculous than "lovely," "awfully fine," and so on.

A graver fault than even this omission to weigh the worthy and the admirable against the petty and ludicrous elements of national character and life is the author's apparent inability to see the limits of her field of observation, and her disposition to found sweeping generalizations on very circumscribed individual observations. We do not hesitate to say, notwithstanding the assertion to the contrary by "a German" which is paraded at the beginning of the volume, that there is a considerable amount of exaggeration in the author's statements. And this exaggeration consists in taking individual facts to be typical when they are only occasional. It does not require a very long residence in Germany to teach one that German life differs very widely—much more than our own probably—in various districts and among different social classes. Now the author of this volume, though she seems to have moved about to some extent, is evidently much better acquainted with the small Residenz towns than with the great centres of commerce and political life such as Berlin or Hamburg; and as to the different social classes, her knowledge is, as far as we can make out, confined to the *petite noblesse* and military people who make up the *soi-disant* "society" of small German capitals. Indeed the writer appears to take pains to impress her readers with the number and rank of the titled persons whom she was accustomed to meet in Germany. Now, seeing that this class of society is just that which has been most commonly ridiculed, not only by foreigners, but by Germans themselves, it is peculiarly unjust to take it as representative of the best German social life. Arguing on the basis of this eminently superficial and frivolous type of society, the author finds it easy work to show that the Germans have no free, joyous, and mutually helpful home life corresponding to our own; that women never think about anything higher than their *ménage* and their next ball, and are wholly destitute of sincere religious feeling. One can hardly help condoling with the author on her ill-fortune in having lighted upon such an uninteresting and barren area of

\* *German Home Life*. Reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine." London: Longmans & Co. 1876



German society. To anybody who has been fortunate enough to move among the truly cultivated and thoughtful classes in Germany—more especially the University circles, which form one of the most important elements of German society, and with which the author, so far as we can conjecture, has not the least acquaintance—many of her sweeping condemnations will appear laughably absurd, if indeed they do not excite another kind of feeling. Her account of the rite of confirmation, for example, as meaning nothing but “a long dress, visiting cards, a bouquet, and the ‘Du’ of childhood exchanged for the ‘Sie’ of young ladyhood,” will not a little startle any one who has had an opportunity of observing the care with which young girls are religiously trained for the ceremony in many a middle-class family. In point of fact, the author seems to have looked out on the varied aspects of German life through the medium of the highly artificial social atmosphere which envelops one small section of the German community, and the result is a series of statements scarcely less loose and inaccurate than the most hasty generalizations of a flying newspaper correspondent. We do not say that much of what the author asserts is not true, in some measure at least; we simply protest against the erection into universal propositions of statements which at best are only approximately true, and which often represent only very partial and limited features of the society she professes to portray. It should be added that a similar hastiness in generalization shows itself in some of the few statements favourable to the Germans; as, for example, that “every German man and woman is born with the musical instinct.” It is seen, too, in the rather ludicrous assumption that the vagaries of the emancipated women of the Goethe-Schiller period “were not isolated exceptions, but rather the rule of the day”—as though we should have heard so much about them if they had been “the rule of the day”!

A word needs to be said with respect to the style of the work. The author writes with force and vivacity, and in a vein well suited for light epistolary narrative and description. Yet there are too many blemishes in the composition to allow us to call it a good style. Of these the most striking is an almost vulgar preference for foreign words and phrases, not only German, but also French and Latin. To talk of “the pleasant simplicity of German *mœurs*” is not only very much like a silly schoolgirl’s display of elementary linguistic knowledge, but is particularly inappropriate in a writer who takes occasion to comment on the vulgarity of the use of French terms by Germans. Sometimes, too, the author abandons her more free and chatty vein, and attempts a grandiloquent species of writing. But we can hardly congratulate her on her success in treading in the steps of Mr. Carlyle and Victor Hugo. High-stepping phrases should not cover nonsense, and it seems something very like this to say that “fire and reality, as well as blood and iron, are in that (Bismarck’s) great figure and big brain.” One would have supposed that blood and iron were sufficiently real. Here, as elsewhere, a certain looseness of language points to that inaccuracy of mind which shows itself more conspicuously in the hasty inferences already referred to, and which takes off a good deal from the qualifications of a perfectly trustworthy narrator of facts.

#### A WOMAN SCORNEO.\*

THE old fashion of describing the heroine of a novel as personally beautiful is dying out, and with it that of crediting her with the manners of a lady, or giving to the hero those of a gentleman. Mrs. Pender Cudlip and our present author, whose work is singularly like hers, have lately amused themselves by creating a couple of autobiographical heroines, who, untidy, badly dressed, snub-nosed, and shock-headed, pert in bearing but true in heart, slangy in speech but faithful in action, have the power of attracting the love of men of all kinds, fastidious and homely, young and old, honourable and dishonourable alike. These heroines themselves love with all their might men whose great attraction seems to be, besides their mere physical beauty, impertinence of the most offensive kind; and who make love by a mixture of familiarity and snubbing which any woman possessing the faintest glimmering of self-respect would stop and resent at once and for ever. Instead of which, Kitty O’Driscoll, in *A Woman Scorned*, and “Tim,” in *Blotted Out*, grovel at the feet of their superb lady-killers, and are only too happy to be treated in much the same way as that in which a lordly kind of man with a love of teasing would treat his favourite hound. The similarity of character and personality between these two heroines is remarkable; and, but for the almost simultaneous publication of the novels in which their oddities are displayed, might have subjected one or other of the authors to the charge of plagiarism. As it is, the same thought, which we can scarcely qualify as “happy,” must have struck each writer at about the same time; the result being two heroines who are as much alike as those cardboard toys for children wherein the same face and figure serve for a dozen different dresses.

Miss Kitty O’Driscoll, eighteen years of age when the story opens, lives in “that lumbering, comfortless-looking, grey stone house under the brow of the hill over there,” known by the name of Rathmulchan Castle, which is kept up by means “only known

to that especial Providence which so tenderly and pitifully keeps watch over the decayed or decaying fortunes of the poor and proud Irish gentry.” We are always glad to learn new facts, and we thank the author for the information contained in this latter statement. It is new to us. The O’Driscolls are of this poor and proud race of Irish gentry; they are so poor that the girls cannot buy many new dresses; and so proud that they go about in cotton frocks and country-made boots to save “sufficient to purchase the latest fashion in riding-habits, perfectly fitting riding-gloves, and coquettish riding-hats, and thus make a brave show in the hunting field in a manner befitting the traditional grandeur of the O’Driscolls of Rathmulchan.” But between the two stools of their pride, which refuses to know wealthy *parvenus* or substantial farmers, and their poverty, whereby the county families refuse to know them, they are friendless; which, however, does not appear in the course of the narrative; and, in spite of their poverty, Hugh O’Driscoll is M.F., and “keeps the dogs.” The family consists of Kitty, her drunken step-brother Hugh, and her superbly handsome but fiendish step-sister Judith, twenty-six years of age when we first see her. Kitty is hated by both these amiable persons, partly because, as the daughter of Judith’s “girl-governess,” who died when she was born, consequently when the elder sister was only eight years of age, she is regarded as “an interloper,” which was beginning the feud of race and tradition early in life; and partly because she is “small and insignificant-looking, with a ‘weesh!’ pale face and grey eyes, a nondescript nose, and ordinary brown hair inclining to a reddish shade.” Judith shows her hatred for her step-sister in rather unmistakable forms. Not content with tyrannizing over her to a reprehensible extent, she even goes so far as to call her “a cunning little beast,” and asks “How dare you be so insolent to me?” At the same time “coming over to me,” says Kitty, “she gives me a blow upon the side of the head—a blow which nearly stuns me, and which causes me to fall sideways upon the sofa”; and when Kitty, who has “never had the courage to hit back again whenever Judith has beaten” her, said only “Judith!” the handsome creature retorts with “Hold your tongue, you little wretch; you are like your low, vulgar, scheming mother, who entrapped my fool of a father into marrying her.”

Judith does more than call names and deal hard knocks; she schemes to marry her young sister with the weesh! pale face and grey eyes to Mr. Martin Pratt, the richest man in the county, and sixty-three years old. And as Kitty, “with the arrogance of eighteen,” has scornfully declined to accept the magnificent offer, she has no quarter dealt out to her, but is “stormed at” by Judith, sworn at by Hugh, and ordered by both to receive Mr. Pratt as her future husband, seeing that they have promised her, and they will not break their word. Of course at this juncture there turns up the ineligible lover whom it is expressly desired she should not love, and with whom she does therefore fall in love straightway. This is Captain Oscar Fitzgerald, “a penniless dragon,” whom she has seen once in church, who, as she remembers, used to be at Rathmulchan when she was a “wild, shy, uncared-for, unkempt little girl,” and whose more formal introduction is made by means of his “fly,” which she, taking to be a dragon-fly, catches, with the unpleasant result of getting the hook in her thumb. Though she is in great pain, her first thought when she sees “his closely-shorn crop of fair curls,” “blue eyes,” and “fair moustache” is “an obtrusively vivid and abject sense of the dire shabbiness of my apparel, the flushed state of my face, and the untidiness of my hair.” But she recovers herself sufficiently to answer pertly, “I should think so indeed! just look what you have done,” when he asks her if she has hurt herself in any way; to which his reply is, “I’m sure I never wanted to catch you.” “As he speaks he decorously casts down his eyes, caresses his moustache, and—I have a horrible suspicion—is trying to keep from laughing outright.” However, he takes out the hook, and the blood gushes from the wound and stains the girl’s “shabby blue-and-white-striped cotton dress”; but she takes her “crumpled coloured-spotted pocket-handkerchief” from her pocket and winds it round her hand. He insists on washing the wound in her thumb with his own handkerchief, which is “snowy,” and binding it up with a star of court plaster; after which he washes his own hands in the river and asks her for something to dry them with, as his “handkerchief is saturated.” So she gives him the “tumbled panier” of her cotton gown, on which he “vigorously rubs his long, strong, brown fingers.”

After this the conversation goes on in the strain to be expected. He is impertinent, smiling, familiar, handsome; she is now “stupid” and now “impulsive,” and “blushes to the tip of her nose”; after which she sees clouds and gleams and stars of a prophetic character, and is rude to her assigned suitor Martin Pratt. Next day at the meet Judith will not let her ride; so Kitty does what all these ugly little heroines with snub noses and big hearts are so fond of doing—sits on the floor and cries; or, as she elegantly expresses it, “I sit here blubbering on the floor, with my tossed braids and curls pressed unheedingly against the side of the bed.” Presently her nurse and foster-mother comes into the room and calls her “Miss,” and “Miss Kitty,” while she calls her “Finnigan,” like any commonplace servant hired yesterday. She tells her that Oscar has called; to keep her out of whose way Judith had made up the story that “Silver Sally” was ill, and thus prevented her sister’s going to the hunt. And, again, we have the same odd mixture of familiarity and impertinence as

\* *A Woman Scorned*. A Novel. By E. Owens Blackburne, Author of “The Quest of the Heir,” &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1876.

before. He calls her "an idle child," though it is only their second day of meeting; criticizes her gown, for she has put on her best black silk in his honour; and when she retorts, "You have not to buy dresses for me!" ejaculates "God forbid!" "uncourteously and piously, and without making any apology for the Vandalic remark"; "chaffs" her about "the adored of her soul," Mr. Pratt; exclaims, "What fuzzy hair you have! I wonder if you are able to plait it all, what an enormous time you must take at your toilette!" says that he wishes he were as "sure of twenty thousand pounds this minute" as he is of having got her favour; for "what other motive save that of trying to ingratiate yourself in my favour induced you to put on that grand black silk gown, eh, my child?"—tells her that she has grown up "a vast sight better looking than any one ever would have imagined"; with plenty more of the same kind, all showing that, whatever the handsome dragoon might have been in the eyes of Miss Kitty, he could not have been a gentleman in those of any other person.

The heart of the story is the love of handsome Judith for this same Oscar Fitzgerald; a love dating back to the time when she was only sixteen; at which age she poisoned his cousin, to whom she imagined him to be attached. "In order to do this," says Kitty, she "condescended to receive the love-making of a common groom"—one Jack Reynolds. She bribed him for the poison wherewith to murder her fancied rival, by promising to run away with himself; which was rather an odd way of securing the man she wanted. As Jack Reynolds had to serve seven years' transportation, and Oscar Fitzgerald was eight years in India, she gained very little by her crime. Both men come back at the same moment, and, as they are something alike, Kitty twice thinks that Jack is Oscar when she sees him in the dusk with her sister. Then there is a wonderful scene where Jack Reynolds stops Kitty's carriage in the middle of a wood, and forces her by threats to sign a paper supplied by Judith, in which she promises to marry her sexagenarian lover, telling her at the same time that, if she betrays anything of this to Oscar, he will be murdered. Also that she is to give up all thought of love for him under pain of the same catastrophe. And, in effect, Oscar is shot in the arm the next day, and is very ill in consequence. But all comes right in the end. Kitty's manifold excitements end in a fever, by which her marriage with Mr. Pratt is postponed; and Judith, or some one else, perhaps it is Jack Reynolds, drinks the champagne which Martin sends for the use of the invalid, which was shabby of Judith. Meanwhile, Phil Costigan, the drunken, insolent stable-keeper who knows all about Miss Judith's murder of Annie Dillon, the two hundred pounds which she stole from Miss Fitzgerald to give to Jack Reynolds, her accomplice, and her intrigue with him, as his double reward; who was party to the plot for forcing Kitty's written consent to her marriage with Martin Pratt, which marriage was desired by Judith as much to keep her out of Oscar's way as for a sum of money promised to her by Martin on his wedding day, wherewith to stop Jack's mouth; and who knows who had shot at Oscar—this Phil Costigan is attacked by Reynolds, under the name and state of Pollock, and dies, making full confession to Kitty, and an edifying end.

Kitty confronts Judith with her secret, but is defied, and told astutely enough that she has no proof, and that she (Judith) will put a bullet through Oscar rather than see him her step-sister's husband. Accordingly, as Oscar and Kitty are having a love-meeting together, where all mistakes are being explained, a bullet whizzes close past them, and they see Judith hurrying away. She passes through the yard where "the dogs" are kept, and they, attracted by the blood on her hand—she has cut herself with a piece of broken glass—fall upon her and partly devour her. She dies a few hours after, "a look of incredulous joy chasing away the troubled expression of her face," as Kitty repeats the text about the joy of angels over repentant sinners. Add to this story a style which deals in such expressions as, "I feel anything but a gay young person as I smile vacuously and stare into the gleaming coals"; "with supreme difficulty I am endeavouring to restrain my risibles"; "the disc of his red, angry face"; "my perturbed countenance hoists its colours of distress," &c., and we think we have said enough to prove that *A Woman Scorned* is neither very pleasant nor very profitable reading.

#### PAISLEY ABBEY.\*

WHEN it was announced that the Queen intended to place a memorial window in Paisley Abbey in honour of Robert II., popularly known as "King Blearie," her subjects south of the Tweed probably heard for the first time that such a building existed. If they had any notions about Paisley at all, it was perhaps only as a manufacturing town, whose looms could turn out shawls that might rival those of Lyons, and whose mills were equally successful in the production of sewing-cotton. Indeed so little is the history of Scotland known beyond its own limits that much innocent wonder has been expressed, and many curious suggestions have been made, as to the reasons why the Queen should thus delight to honour this particular Robert, and why so obscure a place should be signalled out for this distinction. The reason is easily supplied by any one who remembers that "King Blearie" was the first of his family who exchanged the office

of Steward of Scotland for that of King of Scots, and that he is buried in the abbey founded by the first Steward. One of the titles of the Heir-Apparent to the Crown still bears witness to the fact that, in the district lying along the Clyde, now known as the county of Renfrew, lay the lands which the descendants of the Breton Alan first held of the Scots King. It was naturally here that they chose the site of their abbey. Like most of the Scottish ecclesiastical foundations, Paisley dates from the twelfth century; but, unlike the greater number, part of it has survived the zeal of the reformers and the grasping hands or neglect of their successors, and is now used as the parish church. All that is left of what was formerly one of the most important religious houses in Scotland is now lost among the crowd of factories and mean dwelling-houses of the large manufacturing town into which the village that gradually gathered at the abbey gates has grown. Through the town flows a river, with waters so foul and many-coloured, so charged with impurities of all imaginable sorts, as to make its name—the White Cart—sound like a nickname given in mockery. Who can realize to-day that it was from the meadows lying on either side of this polluted stream that the abbey, and, in later times, the town itself, were named? Paisley is merely a modification of *Pasgel-laith* or *loith*—Celtic words, whose meaning is moist pasture ground.

The history of the abbey is soon told. It was a house of the Benedictine order, founded in 1160 by Walter, the first Steward, who placed in it thirteen brethren, one of whom was chosen prior, from the English house of Wenlock. But the steward took care to bargain that his priory of Paisley was to be in no way dependent on Wenlock. In return for the good services done to their Paisley brethren by the monks of Wenlock in obtaining for them from Cluny all the privileges of their order, he gave to the house of Wenlock, in perpetual alms, a piece of land in his burgh of Renfrew, one fishing-net for taking salmon in his waters, six nets for fishing herrings, and one boat. Paisley was founded soon after the "sair saint for the crown" had brought in the fashion of religious foundations, and Walter followed faithfully in his liege lord's footsteps. Besides richly endowing his new priory, he gave lands also to the abbey founded by the King, though it certainly provokes a smile to read that some of these gifts consisted of lands that were in dispute between himself and certain other claimants. Sixty years after its foundation the priory was raised to an abbey by a Bull of Honorius IV. The abbey went on gaining lands and power till the War of Independence, in which it suffered so terribly that little save one Norman doorway is left of the earliest building. In the few years of comparative quiet won for the land by the strong hand of James I., Thomas Tarvis, the abbot, raised Paisley Abbey again to all its former glory. He found the church in ruins and the brethren at variance; but before his death he rebuilt the church with a lofty spire, and "schortlie he brocht all the place to freedom, and fra nocht till ane mighty place, and left it out of all kynd of det, and at all freedom to dispense as them lykit, and left ane of the best mysteris that was in all Scotland, and chandelaries of silver, and ane lettren of brass, with many other gud jouellis."

Towards the end of the century the abbey got another lift. John Shaw was abbot in the time of James IV., and the King, in return for the service Shaw had done him in the days of his difference with his father, conferred many favours on the abbey, which he made a halting-place in his frequent pilgrimages to St. Ninian's. He also raised the village of Paisley into a burgh. The shrine of St. Mirrin, too, one of the patrons of the Church, attracted pilgrims from all parts of Scotland, whose gifts filled the abbot's coffers. When the Stewarts first came to the throne, powers of regality had been given to the abbey, and to these James II. added the powers of trying on the four pleas of the crown and of holding a separate Chamberlain's Court. All the churches in Bute and in the hereditary lands of the Stewarts were dependent on Paisley; and as the abbot held lands in all parts of the kingdom, he had numerous bailies to act for him. Latterly the office of general bailie became hereditary in the Sempil family. At the time of the Reformation Paisley Abbey was reckoned one of the richest houses in Scotland. It was then that John Hamilton, the Regent's brother, was abbot; and when he was raised to the Primacy, the lands and revenues of Paisley were bestowed on the Regent's son.

We had hoped, in taking up a book which professes to contain "Historical Reminiscences" of this important abbey, to find a good deal both worth reading and worth remembering. The history of the rise and growth of any of the great religious houses, more especially of one so closely connected with the reigning family as Paisley, would be of especial value in Scotland, whose Monasticism has yet to be written. Such a book, however, ought to be strictly accurate as to facts, and to be written by some one with a power of discriminating between things that are worth telling and things that are not, and able to write at least grammatically, and with some knowledge of general history. The writer who has undertaken to rake up the past of Paisley Abbey is destitute of these needful qualifications. The scraps of information which with careful reading may be gathered from his pages are borrowed from second-hand authorities, and are repeated without the faintest attempt to estimate their comparative value. These are divided by weary pages of unintelligible rhapsodies that read like a lame attempt to parody the *Proverbial Philosophy* of Mr. Martin Tupper. Figures that stand out in strong relief in the story of their age are dismissed with a mere passing notice, while some man or woman of whom nothing but

\* *Lichens from an Old Abbey; being Historical Reminiscences of the Monastery of Paisley.* Paisley: J. & R. Parlanc. 1876.



the name is known is made the subject of a whole chapter of maundering speculations as to his or her personal character or appearance. We are told that "one of the privileges of fiction which history has a right to claim is this faith in the beauty, grace, and virtue of all those who have come down to us from remote traditional times without contrary imputations"; and in accordance with this privilege an absurd fancy picture is drawn of the Steward's wife, of whom all that can be known now is the name:—

Norman, by no means, she;—Scoto-Saxon, with eyes softly blue; some Celtic fervour and devotion spiritualising her face; her aspect generous, and features pearly fair, with the rosy flush of Northern breezes, like a soft dawn, lighting them into the purest human sweetness; reasonable and benign; no fickle impulses, no exacting egotism, no self-worship; a woman of household pleasures—to be loved by her husband with a constant love, to be tenderly revered by his vassals. Her brown lashes droop not coyly, they are lifted with modest, serene trust in herself and in her world. Her thoughts keep company with her.

The knowledge of general history possessed by this author is much such as we should expect to find after reading that "there is an intuition, a certain inner sense, by which we verify history; not in its details, but in its spirit, which is the true history." This "inner sense" is certainly not common sense, or the writer would know better than to describe men ploughing as singing psalms while their "heavy feet go backward before the team," or to tell how some one watched from the coast of Ayr the sun rising over Argyle, which lies west of it. His notions on biography are almost as singular as those on history:—

One realizes and accepts the truth, that a stack of chimneys at Dundonald, threatened by a fierce storm, while the little Alexander and Walter slept in a turret below; or some tempestuous night, while a faithful old retainer, out fishing on the Frith, in sight of the castle walls, fought for life with a west wind on the crest of a greedy wave; or a day breaking goldenly along the Argyle shore, reflecting strange portentous light in the sombre sea between, while the priest held the crucifix before the dying eyes of the tender, nameless mother—that these make biography, and not the Border raids, court favour, or papal bulls, which stand out so boldly in history.

Sermons in stones we have heard of before, but biography in stacks of chimneys never. It is doubtless his contempt for these "bold" landmarks of history that betrays our author into exposing his ignorance by telling us that the "earldom of Buckingham"—we suppose he means the Honour of Huntingdon—was held by Malcolm "as their ancestral Normandy was held by the English kings"; that "the Bruce who bore the sceptre of Scotland in A.D. 1314 was a child of those early Pharaohs who ruled when time was young"; that at "Tagliacozzi" "fell the last of the Hohensteins"; that Italy is indebted to Scotland for its "school of flowing melody"; that one Grinkel, who owned a plough-gate of land, was a "poor serf"; that the parish of Innerwick, which happens to be in Haddington, is in Glenlyon; and into making many other statements equally wide of the mark. The principle on which he acts, that "where history refuses us facts we construct them for ourselves, more truthfully than we know, through that guiding human instinct we possess," has here played him false, for history has not refused the true version of most of the facts, and, unfortunately for him, his "guiding human instinct" has at all events constructed them a great deal less truthfully than others know them.

Even the fanciful title *Lichens from an Old Abbey*, a very evident aping of Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*, is entirely misleading. Lichen suggests the idea of something that sticks closely to the building, while our author's mode of treating the subject is much more suggestive of thistle-down. If judged by their want of weight and their flighty wanderings, his words might indeed be styled winged. Much more closely connected with the town at least, if not with the abbey, than many of the "Lichens" is the story of the origin of the thread manufacture, which we look for among the "Lichens" in vain. But as, in speaking of the overthrow of the old church, our author tells us that "superstitions may sometimes be worn too lightly," to tell of an instance in which a superstition weighed rather heavily on a score of victims would have been to contradict himself. In the year 1697, Christian Shaw, the daughter of the Laird of Barragean, a child of eleven years old, accused a maid-servant against whom she had a spite of having bewitched her. The matter was taken up with all gravity, accomplices in the crime were pointed out; nor was justice satisfied until twenty persons had been condemned to death, and five of them burned upon the gallows-green of Paisley. So far was Miss Shaw from suffering any permanent ill effects from the overlooking of the "gettatrice," that she afterwards became distinguished for her skill in spinning. The fineness of her linen thread was so much admired that the Lady Blantyre of the day took a parcel of it, the first linen thread ever exported from Scotland, to Bath, and sold it to the lace-makers there. The business thus begun spread to the Low Countries, and Miss Shaw, after starting one of the most extensive manufactures hitherto known in Scotland, married the minister of Kilmours. The story seems to show that the notion that women have energy and powers for something more than mere domestic occupations is, after all, not so very modern.

The only use which we can imagine as a reason for the existence of this book is to serve as a fearful example of what comes of the popular doctrine that pretty descriptions are to be preferred before historical truth, and that the relation of facts is not history. Delighted with a theory so agreeable to idleness and ignorance, scribblers like the writer of these *Lichens* take upon them to tamper with the past, and to cover sheets with their own vain

imaginings clothed in fine-sounding words poured forth at random, careless alike of both sense and grammar. They seem utterly to forget that, whether facts be history or not, there certainly can be no history without facts. In the present instance, even where our author condescends to facts, they are curiously perverted, as, for instance, when he tells us that Arabella Hamilton, "La belle Hamilton," sat as the model for Britannia on our coins. This is double error; for the Britannia was "La belle Stuart," whose name was Frances Therese, and "La belle Hamilton's" name was Elizabeth. From the records of the abbey our author has found out that to the brethren "no idle talk was allowed." Would that the restriction were yet enforced on the dwellers in the burgh! The publication of a book which contains little save "idle talk" would then have been impossible.

#### REMAINS OF ARTHUR WEST HADDAN.\*

TO publish an author's "Remains" is to put his reputation to a severe test; we mean of course such "Remains" as the author himself had not prepared for posthumous publication. And this is true especially of light articles contributed to the fugitive literature of the day. In an article for one of the *Quarterlies* a writer has space, and with space an additional inducement, to think out his subject and to be careful in the matter of style; but the mark of a conscientious writer is to put forth his best on all occasions, and to take proportionately as much pains with an article in a newspaper as with an essay in a quarterly review. This, at all events, is a striking feature in the "Remains" of Mr. Arthur Haddan. A few of the articles in the volume are reprinted from the *Christian Remembrancer*; but most of them were contributed as reviews to the *Guardian*, and are now republished as they were written. It is no light tribute to the memory of Mr. Haddan to say that his reputation suffers nothing from such an ordeal. Be the essay short or long, the subject of transitory or of permanent interest, there is the same careful treatment and the same transparent endeavour to be fair. The papers range over a wide field, and are classified in the table of contents under the heads of "On the Holy Scriptures," "Doctrinal Works," "Ecclesiastical History," "The Prayer Book," "Miscellaneous Articles," and "General History." On all of these subjects Mr. Haddan had something to say which is worth preserving; but it was in ecclesiastical history that he was most at home. His contributions to the collection of "Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents," undertaken in conjunction with his friend Mr. Stubbs, show at once the extent and the minuteness of his erudition, and there is abundant evidence of the same kind in the volume before us. When he is on his favourite theme, Mr. Haddan writes with the ease of one who has not only the whole landscape in view, but who is familiar with every nook and bypath in it. The churches of Britain and Ireland, indeed, were his particular study; but his knowledge of ecclesiastical history generally was unusually wide and singularly accurate. It is this combination of special knowledge with general learning which made him so excellent an editor of the works of Bramhall and Thorndike, and more lately of a portion of the great work projected by Mr. Stubbs and himself on the basis of Wilkins' *Concilia*, already referred to. All the longer papers in the volume of his "Remains" bear witness to this union of fulness and mastery of details; but it is in the articles on the early ecclesiastical history of this country that it comes out in special relief. Ever courteous and forbearing towards opponents, he was too ardent a lover of truth to allow personal feeling or cherished prepossessions to bias his judgment or colour his statement of historic facts. He is as merciless in hunting to death the fallacies and myths of anti-Roman controversialists as he is in exposing the special pleading and strange liberties with facts in which Roman apologists occasionally indulge. Let us give a few examples of what we mean.

In a short review of the first volume of the English translation of Hefele's *History of the Christian Councils*, Mr. Haddan praises Hefele "as an original and profound ecclesiastical scholar," and characterizes his book, "with one large exception," as "undoubtedly a thorough and a fair compendium, put in the most accessible and intelligible form, and based on a re-examination of original documents, with all their later additions and rectifications, of the canons and history of the Church Councils." The "large exception" "springs from the utter impossibility of reconciling" the Ultramontane theory of the Papacy "with plain historical evidence honestly interpreted." "And the result is," according to Mr. Haddan, "that even Dr. Hefele is reduced to garbled quotations and glosses of the most impossible sort, and is simply not to be trusted when Papal power is in question." This is a severe judgment, and Mr. Haddan proceeds to justify it. But he is careful to add that, in most cases, "Hefele's own statement of the evidence is so glaringly at variance with his conclusions as to supply the remedy with the poison, without further trouble." The same anxiety to be just to an opponent is visible in his criticisms on Montalembert's *Monks of the West*. The former builds a plausible argument in favour of Papal supremacy on Wilfred's appeals to Rome, and on the adoption by the Saxon Church of the Roman method of keeping

\* *Remains of the late Rev. Arthur West Haddan, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire.* Edited by A. F. Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin. London: Parker. 1876.

Easter. It is an easy matter for Mr. Haddan to prove "that in both these matters no Ultramontane notion of the supremacy of St. Peter's chair was dreamed of on either side." In their Easter observance the British Christians were at variance, not with Rome alone, but with the whole of Christendom; and, when this fact was clearly brought home to them, they wisely agreed to conform to the custom of the Universal Church. And as to Wilfred's appeals to the Pope, Mr. Haddan shows that Montalembert's conclusion is, in fact, directly contrary to that which logically follows from his premisses. The facts may be stated very briefly. Archbishop Theodore saw the necessity of subdividing the few huge dioceses which made up, ecclesiastically, the England of that day. Wilfred, whose diocese extended from the Humber to the Forth, stoutly refused his consent to Theodore's schemes for its subdivision. But Theodore was not a man to be easily thwarted when the welfare of the Church was in question; and, when he found that Wilfred would not listen to reason, he deposed him. Wilfred appealed to Rome—the first Bishop who had done so against the sentence of the English Church previously to the Conquest. The Pope decided in his favour, and sent him back to England with a bull of restitution. Theodore, however, maintained his ground, and Wilfred was at last fain to make his submission, the Pope's bull notwithstanding, and to confine his jurisdiction to as much of his huge diocese as Theodore was pleased to assign to him. On Theodore's death, however, Wilfred made an attempt to restore the old state of things, and was again deposed by Theodore's successor, in union with his suffragans. Again Wilfred appealed to Rome; again the Pope decided in his favour; and again the ecclesiastical authorities at home repudiated the Pope's claim to supremacy, and compelled Wilfred's submission. Montalembert naively remarks on the "strange ignorance of the elementary rules of canon law" thus displayed by the "saints" and bishops of the English Church. "But the 'strange' thing would have been," as Mr. Haddan somewhat ironically retorts, "that these saints and bishops should have had the power to divine the belief of a long-distant and future day, and should have imagined themselves bound by a law of which they knew nothing."

Mr. Haddan, however, had no affinity of mind or temper with that class of writers who deem it the first duty of a controversialist to make out as good a case as possible for the side which he advocates. He evidently considered it the first duty of a controversialist to state the facts fairly and fully, and this transparent candour is really far more telling than the most skillful manipulation of evidence. If he had no patience with writers who sought to build up a fanciful theory on a foundation of historical anachronisms, still less could he endure those writers of his own communion—a tribe not yet extinct—who opposed to the fictions of Ultramontanism the still more glaring fictions of ultra-Protestantism. The legend of an anti-Papal Church in this country, founded by apostolic missionaries, and the apocryphal stories of King Lucius and of Claudia and Pudens, have often done yeoman's service on Protestant platforms. Who has not heard of the long-enduring struggle against Papal encroachments of the pure British Church which Augustine found when he landed on these shores? But "the British Church," as Mr. Haddan observes, "was not in opposition to the Roman or to any other Church" when Augustine arrived. "It had simply been severed by distance and by a broad barrier of heathenism from any practical communication with other Churches, and had developed accordingly after its own unaided powers. The case was as of two relations who came together after a long parting, and discovered that during their separation one of them had contracted peculiar views, and retained certain errors formerly common to both, uncorrected, but in no point of serious importance." The British Easter, for example, was simply the discredited Easter which the Church of Rome, in common with the rest of Christendom, had discarded a century and a half before the mission of Augustine. The British Christians, however, stuck to the Old Style, "much as the old couple who persisted a century since in going to church on Good Friday, to find of course no service." But in resisting the demands of Augustine they had no thought of resisting Papal supremacy. To assert the contrary is not only to perpetrate a glaring anachronism, but to commit a controversial blunder in addition by implying the existence of a claim which, as a matter of fact, was not heard of for centuries afterwards.

Mr. Haddan had evidently no great admiration for Augustine. He describes him as a "pious, though not large-minded, missionary, whose labours scarcely took root"; the Amerigo, whose fortune it was to give his name to a heritage which by right belonged to another. That other, in this case, was Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus, "the real founder of the English Church," as Mr. Haddan truly calls him. He was a great man in every respect, combining unusual learning and unobtrusive piety with an indomitable will and extraordinary organizing and administrative powers. He it was who gave to the Church of England the ecclesiastical organization which it has retained substantially to the present day. Before his time England was divided ecclesiastically into a handful of unwieldy sees, which were worked by clergy sent out on mission excursions from various centres—generally monasteries and episcopal residences. Theodore saw the defects of this system, and set himself vigorously to supersede it by the subdivision of dioceses and the establishment of a parochial system. He encountered much resistance, not only from the See of Rome, but also from his suffragans. There is nothing new under the sun, and arguments

were used against Archbishop Theodore's policy which more recently did good service against Mr. Beresford Hope's Bill for the increase of the Episcopate. But Theodore carried his point, and it is surely a satire on the rulers of our day that the number of sees which Theodore founded for the England of his day, with less than the twentieth part of our population, was within two of those which now exist. Having established his dioceses, Archbishop Theodore proceeded to develop the principle of parishes; and how systematically and thoroughly this was done may be read in his "Penitential":—

A church with its proper Presbyter [we are quoting Mr. Haddan], and with its weekly mass, and (as it appears subsequently) sermons, was to be provided for each district, the landowner finding the funds in return for the patronage; or, at any rate, the patronage accruing to him, be the founder who he might. A yearly confession prior to Christmas was to bring each layman, with his wife and household, into pastoral relation with his presbyter. And a system of discipline of the minutest kind was to bind together the whole of each flock into an organized member of a well-knit body, each parish under its presbyter, and all combined in direct and practical subordination to the bishop.

Lay patronage is thus seen to have its roots very deep in the history of the Church of England; and daily celebrations would appear to be an innovation on a more ancient custom. We do not go into the theology of the question, but there can hardly be a doubt that a celebration on weekdays and festivals was the primitive rule, and daily celebrations (as to the expediency of which we say nothing) a later growth. On the question of divorce, too, Archbishop Theodore held what would certainly now be regarded by many as rather latitudinarian doctrines. The explanation, we suppose, is that in that rude and lawless age it was found impossible to enforce the strict rules of ecclesiastical discipline, and it was accordingly thought more conducive to general morality to relax the stringency of those rules in particular cases.

There are other points in Archbishop Theodore's "Penitential" which are exceedingly interesting to the student of Church history; and one of the great merits of a book like this of Mr. Haddan's is that it sends the reader to original sources of information, and supplies him with a clue to the intelligent understanding of them. If an ecclesiastical history of England worthy of the name is ever to be written, it is to men of the learning and mental calibre of Professor Stubbs and the late Mr. Haddan that we must look for the achievement.

#### JENNIE OF "THE PRINCE'S."

WE learn from a preface to this novel that it is "a story with an object"; and that object is to prove that "a right-minded woman can, in spite of youth, personal attractions, and an unguarded position, hold her own bravely even on the much-abused stage . . . preserving her purity and simplicity from first to last." The stage is happily less abused now than it was in some former periods, but there are no doubt still many people who consider going upon the stage ruin to a woman and degradation to a man. But these are the people who are least likely to read novels, which may be in their eyes but a temptation of the Evil One to idleness and frivolity, disguised with more or less art; and it is therefore to be feared that *Jennie of "the Prince's"* will do little towards correcting their views. It is possible, also, that the author, who is, as we guess from internal evidence, a woman, would have done better not to blazon the fact of the story having an object—a fact likely enough, as the preface states, to turn intending readers away. However, it is something to have the courage of one's opinions, and a reader who ventures on this book in spite of the author's frank warning will find that an "object" does not necessarily make a book dull. One of our leading novelists has said that there is no romance-writer of consideration who does not hope that some lesson may be learnt from what he produces; and this is no doubt a desirable position for a writer to assume. Only he must not of course be astonished if readers refuse to learn their lesson on account of its being enforced with too much dryness or air of authority. With the volumes before us neither of these faults can be found, and it may be noted in the author's favour that, although it is shown that life on the stage need not be repulsive, yet its disagreeable circumstances are by no means shirked. We have spoken of the author's courage in the matter of expressing opinion. There is one point at which this amounts to an unpleasant recklessness, when the author seems to speak with absolute approbation of a proceeding decidedly immoral and objectionable. It may be, however, that the words are not intended to convey all that they seem to do; and with more experience the writer may possibly learn the value of reticence and of precise expression.

*Jennie of "the Prince's"* makes her first appearance in an hotel at Cologne, where in the Saal a wild carnival dance is going on:—

Up above, on the third floor of the hotel, in a white-curtained bed, tosses a wearied girl, who cannot sleep. She has heard quarter after quarter chime through the cold stillness of the night without. Eight quarters—two endless hours—is sleep never coming to her to-night? If she could but get one peep, only just one, at the dancers below, she should sleep in peace after that. What harm could it do? Why would not papa allow it? It is very hard to be shut away from so enticing a scene. Now and then strains of those bewitching waltzes are carried aloft into that upper floor. Tempting—delicious sounds!

*Jennie's* Irish nurse Dolly has pity upon her, and having taken

\* *Jennie of "the Prince's."* A Novel. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.



Karl, the waiter, into confidence, conveys Jenny into a passage with a glass door which looks upon the ball-room. "Amid the gay crowd was one dancer whose dress, though unpretentious, was most becoming. Blue coat, brass buttons, frilled shirt front and wristbands, powdered wig, pigtail, black satin breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes. We all know the dress well enough, and most of us wish we could see our men of the day" (the men of our day?) "appearing again as gracefully clothed as their grandfathers before them." This is of course a matter of taste; but as the writer admires this dress so much, and introduces her hero in it, she would have done better to make him sacrifice the "heavy moustache," which must infallibly have spoilt whatever good effect there was in the powdered wig, pigtail, and buckled shoes. However, the appearance of Mr. Frank Kelly, the wearer of this costume, does not seem to have been much injured by the blunder, which as a painter he ought certainly to have avoided. He spies out Jennie as she looks through the glass door, and having made his way into the passage, insists on her coming into the ball-room and dancing with him:—

The waltz is over. The music has ceased. A noisy pause, but still a pause. People do come to a stand. Jennie clings confidently to her partner's arm and beams up into his face.

"What is your name?" he asks presently.

"Jennie," she replies. "Odd you should have asked me that question I was at that moment wondering about yours."

"I am Frank," says he laughing.

"Nice."

"What is nice?"

"Your name, and you; and, in fact, it is all too nice together." After a pause. "Oh! what a dance we had!" she cries; "the very best I ever had in all my life."

"That long—long—long life!" he says, imitating her tone.

"It does seem very long to me," she says gravely. "Do you know that I shall be fifteen on the first of May?" This with conscious pride.

Jennie's last words, as she is carried off by Dolly the nurse, are "I shall never forget that first waltz, and I shall never forget how kind you have been to me." Next day Frank Kelly makes acquaintance with Jennie's little brother Lion and her father Colonel Noble, who gives him an invitation to Ireland, which he accepts. But as they drive to the station the day after to go their different ways, Kelly observes that, though he has accepted his invitation, he does not know where Colonel Noble lives. "I have thought of that," replies Jennie, and hands him a little card, on the face of which is engraved "Jennie Noble, Aloa," and on its back is written "Be sure to come. Aloa is close to Tipperary town. Every one knows it there. Always at home in November." Two years later Frank Kelly accepts a renewed invitation to Aloa. Before his arrival is recorded there is a very fresh and pretty description of Jennie's life at Aloa with her father and brother and her favourite dogs, king among whom is Rex, a big collie. Staying at Aloa is a certain Captain Gray, known to Kelly in past years, whose presence seems to cause some discomfiture to the painter; and the party is presently joined by Lady Bothwell, a niece of Colonel Noble's, who has been introduced to the reader in an earlier chapter, when he learns that some years ago she had jilted Gray to make a rich marriage, and that she is now spoken of by her enemies as wearing high heels, using powder and paint, and being "really too affected." Lady Bothwell is for the most part drawn with an accurate and light touch. The Colonel says of her, after she has been a day in the house, that he is proud to find his niece so winsome, so taking a woman; and Jennie, as she goes to sleep that night, murmurs, "Taking—winsome—whom has she taken?—what will she win?"

The suggestion given in this self-questioning of Jennie's is followed up throughout the book. Lady Bothwell's object in life is to win and take, and she allows no considerations to interfere with her desires. She works much wickedness, and the reader is shown that the majority of her acquaintances would think her incapable of any evil. She is not an easy person to represent in a novel, but she is portrayed with singular success until the end, where what must be called a gross blunder is made. The marriage of Gray to Lady Bothwell, and her complete reform, both of which events we are given to understand took place, are alike unnatural and out of keeping. It would be impossible for such a man as Gray to marry knowingly such a woman as Lady Bothwell under any circumstances; and there was, in addition to all others, this strong reason against his doing so, that he had but a short while before been desperately in love with Jennie. It is the more strange that the writer should have made this mistake, because she has shown in the scene of Gray's proposal that she can understand how a man of his calibre is entirely absorbed by a deep love.

To return, however, to Jennie. Colonel Noble is killed by a fall from his horse out hunting, and it is discovered that his affairs are terribly involved. Jennie, after an agonizing parting from Aloa and from Frank, who manages to see the last of her on board the steamer that carries her to Liverpool, arrives at the house of Mr. Vincent Noble, her father's elder brother, a merchant in that town. His wife, unfortunately, is a woman who has carried to perfection the vices of meanness, bitterness, and vulgarity, and poor Jennie's torments during her stay in the house are described with an almost horrible fidelity. Soon after her little brother is sent away to a cheap school, and her correspondence forbidden with Frank, whose letters have been stolen by Mrs. Noble, and Jennie brings her visit to a close by her own action. She makes her way to London, and goes straight to Lady Bothwell's house; for she had heard before leaving Mrs. Vincent Noble that Frank Kelly was going to marry

Lady Bothwell. It suits Lady Bothwell to confirm this statement, and poor Jennie is cast friendless upon the world. She has a singular talent for acting, and after a series of adventures in town and country, which are full of interest, she finds herself engaged for an important part in a new piece by Mrs. Jonas Belfoy, who, with her husband, manages the Prince's Theatre. There are various characters whose history is skilfully interwoven with Jennie's career; notably a Mr. and Mrs. Beauclerc, whose happiness for life is nearly ruined by Lady Bothwell's evil doing; and Tom Bothwell, stepson of that lady, whom he cordially hates, and manager of the Magenta Theatre. There is a little incident in which he plays the leading part, connected with Jennie's first appearance at the Prince's, as Undine, the heroine of Mrs. Belfoy's new play:—

Some chance leads Mr. Bothwell into the vestibule of the Prince's, as a man in quiet livery demands either a box or two stalls.

"Fear I have nothing left—no—nothing. You might try at the music shops, but it's a poor chance."

"It's for Lady Bothwell," says Johnstone the discreet; "she only came back to town yesterday; she don't mind what she has to pay, but I have the strictest orders—"

"Well, as you put it that way," says the clerk, lowering his voice, "I must see what can be done. There is one box; it's really promised to a party, but for an extra guinea—it positively is the last chance you'll tell her ladyship—"

"You'll just do nothing of the kind, you know," says Mr. Bothwell, abruptly pushing the servant aside. "That is my box, at least I mean to have it. Now, you sir, you just hand it over."

"But you've got the best box in the place already," says the clerk sulkily.

"And what the devil is that to you, mister?" cries Old Tom, much irate. "You get no extra guinea from me, as you very well know, but if there's any humbug I go straight to the manager and expose you, Mr. Clerk. You won't like that, you know. Here are your forty-two shillings—no fees. And you, Mr. Footman, you tell your Lady Bothwell, with my compliments, that Mr. Thomas Bothwell has taken the last box and the last stalls too, and that she can't get in at no price to-morrow night. That's pretty plain speaking, ain't it now, you know?"

Those people who are old-fashioned enough to like a happy ending to a novel will be pleased to hear Jennie's troubles are scattered in the third volume; and any one who cares to read a bright original story, pleasantly told, may be recommended to try *Jennie of the Prince's*. The book would seem to be a first work; if it is followed by another from the same hand, it would be well if certain blemishes of style were corrected. The practice, for instance, of omitting the personal pronoun whenever it is the nominative to a verb is not universal among mankind, and the constant repetition of this trick in print is wearisome and ungraceful.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

SUMMER is never a good season for publishers, in France at least, and therefore it is not surprising that our list of new books this month is scanty; indeed it consists of hardly anything but reprints. We do not even make an exception in favour of the interesting volume of miscellanea which bears the name of M. Patin.\* It is composed of articles originally published in the *Journal des savants* and of *éloges* delivered at the Academy. These various pieces had, however, been long out of print, and for many persons they will have all the attraction of novelty. The introductory essay, from the pen of M. Martha, professor at the Paris Faculté des Lettres and author of a learned monograph on Lucretius, is good, but we should have liked to find more details respecting the life and works of one of the best of modern French scholars. With M. Patin the last representative has vanished of that illustrious band which included Villemain, Guizot, Saint-Marc Girardin, Cousin, and Lenormant; the Sorbonne still remembers them as models of eloquence combined with erudition, and the persons who were privileged to hear them may be excused for being *laudatores temporis acti*, and for believing that the French University has not yet produced their equals. M. Patin's *Etudes sur les tragiques grecs* and his *Etudes sur la poésie latine* are considered by M. Martha as having been too exclusively written from the scholar's point of view; other critics would probably look upon them rather as finished literary essays than as exegetical commentaries. Our own opinion is that M. Patin has hit the happy medium, and that, by introducing into the discussion of classical masterpieces the historical method so successfully applied to philosophy and modern thought by his colleagues whom we have just named, he has produced works deserving equally the attention of the scholar properly so-called and of the general reader. The volume before us contains, besides several other valuable chapters, an excellent survey of the literature of the *grand siècle*. M. Patin could not of course pretend to have made fresh discoveries respecting Bossuet or Racine; but he successfully avoided commonplace remarks in his treatment of a threadbare subject. The same observation applies to his articles on De Thou, Lesage, and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

M. Francis Wey also gives us a new edition of essays long since published for the first time.† His description of "the English at home" chiefly refers to London life, and some of his details are rather out of date; but the general effect is agreeable enough, and the Greenwich whitebait dinners which he appreciates so keenly are very much the same now as they were twenty years

\* *Discours et mélanges littéraires*. Par M. Patin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Les Anglais chez eux: Hogarth et ses amis*. Par Francis Wey. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

ago. Under the title of "Hogarth and his Friends" he has devoted the second part of his volume to a study of London as it was in the last century, and à propos of the "Rake's Progress," the "Mariage à la mode," and other well-known pictures, he describes that strange condition of things in which Colonel Chartres, Captain Macheath, and Wilkes could be seen elbowing Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Garrick. Cock-fighting, election riots, Gin Lane orgies, and scenes in the Fleet are naturally introduced by way of commentary on the painter's works. By comparing the two divisions of M. Wey's book we arrive at the consoling conclusion that we have at least made some progress in civilization since the days of Hogarth, and that Cremorne itself is an advance upon the tea-gardens of old London.

With Kel-Kun\* we return to France—i.e. to Republican France such as M. Gambetta at least finds realized. Only a reader thoroughly at home in French politics can be expected to feel any interest in the portraits of MM. Janvier de la Motte, Rameau, Challemlacour, Ancel, and De Guilloutet; these names recall to us nothing remarkable so far as public life is concerned; if we wish to revive our impressions of statesmen whom Europe has really heard of, we must read the chapters devoted to MM. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Pelletan, Louis Blanc, Gambetta, Jules Simon, and General Canrobert. We cannot pretend to estimate correctly the merits of all the senators and deputies who have sat to Kel-Kun for their portraits; still it seems to us extraordinary that the same space should be allotted to M. Malartie and M. Léon Say. The painter, we may add, professes thorough contempt for the military side of the French character, and his denunciation of what the French call *Chauvinisme* is equalled only by his hatred of the clergy.

The new edition of M. Maxime du Camp's work on Paris† does not call for any special mention, but we are glad to have the opportunity of once more drawing the reader's attention to one of the best local histories that have lately appeared. In describing the various circumstances connected with the victualling, the health, the police, and the administration of such a city as Paris, an author must always be ready to correct his first impressions and statements by the aid of later information. Improvements are constantly being made, and not unfrequently documents which had escaped notice at first are unexpectedly brought to light. M. Maxime du Camp is evidently aware of this, and the successive editions of his important work have been necessarily modified in certain points. The present one, complete in six volumes, ends with a useful alphabetical index. It is almost a pity that a few good historical maps have not been added.

Now that posterity has begun for George Sand, we shall no doubt have biographical notices, and criticisms in endless variety on the illustrious author of *Mauprat*. Her novels alone enable us to study with considerable accuracy the chief epochs of her life; the *Lettres d'un voyageur*, for instance, represents the period of Alfred de Musset's influence; *Jacques* remains associated with the name of Gustave Planché; *Spiridon* calls back Lamennais to our recollection; the *Sept cordes de la lyre* and the *Moulin d'Angibault* were certainly inspired by Pierre Leroux; and other works possess a similar autobiographical value. Another source of information is furnished by sketches such as that of M. de Loménie in the *Galerie des contemporains célèbres*, and by Sainte-Beuve's most interesting article in the *Portraits contemporains* (we mean the last edition, with the appendix of notes and letters); then there comes the *Chronique scandaleuse*, which we should not have mentioned if George Sand herself had not set the example by her disreputable *Elle et lui*; and, finally, we have the *Histoire de ma vie*‡, a reprint of which is now in course of publication. The title-page announces that the book has been thoroughly revised and augmented. We are curious to see what the additions will be; the first volume does not contain anything new; it takes us as far as the year 1802, and therefore the beginning of the author's intellectual life is still unnoticed. We need scarcely say that the *Histoire de ma vie* is admirably written. It was first published in 1853; so that, if it is to be a complete autobiography, there is ample room for the introduction of hitherto unpublished matter.

The family of Saulx-Tavannes occupies an important place in the history of France§; as it is now extinct, it can be studied as a whole, and M. Pingaud has taken it for the subject of a very good monograph. All readers who are acquainted with the history of France will have perused the memoirs of Gaspard de Saulx, Marshal de Tavannes, which were published more than forty years after his death by his son John; the collections of Petitot and Poujoulat include likewise the memoirs of Guillaume, a second son of Gaspard, and those of Jacques de Saulx, as stalwart a soldier as his father and grandfather. But, in addition to those well-known documents, there exist others which have never yet been printed, and which throw much light on the history of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Let us mention the correspondence of Gaspard de Saulx, the papers connected with the trial of Henri de Tavannes-Mirbel, the autograph letters of President Bouhier, and the manuscript memoirs of the last Duchess de Saulx, Mlle. de Choiseul-Gouffier. It required no little enthusiasm and patience to collect and annotate these numerous documents. M. Pingaud has done his work extremely

well. His book is not merely the history of a noble family; it gives us ample and curious details as to the religious wars of the sixteenth century, the "Ligue," the "Fronde," the Court of Louis XV., and the Emigration.

The memoirs of David de Cosnac, published some years ago by the Société de l'Histoire de France, were much noticed at the time, and M. Sainte-Beuve devoted to them one of his most brilliant *causeries*. The editor of those piquant memoirs on the *grand siècle*, himself a member of the Cosnac family, conceived the happy idea of carrying his investigations further, and hence it is that five volumes of *Souvenirs du règne de Louis XIV.* are now before the public.\* Few readers will complain of M. de Cosnac's diffuseness, although his last published instalment is entirely taken up by the months of September and December 1652. In fact, the word "diffuseness" scarcely applies to a work which consists merely of historical documents selected on account of their importance, and explained in a learned and well-written commentary. The documents printed and illustrated in the present instalment are taken, not only from the Paris National Library, the Record Office, and the War Office, but also from that famous garden of the Hesperides, the Foreign Office archives, access to which is still so preposterously difficult. All these pieces are full of interest, and some of them concern us in a special manner, referring as they do to the political relations existing between France and England in the reign of Louis XIV.

Two editions of Froissart have been undertaken simultaneously on two different plans—one by M. Siméon Luce for the Société de l'Histoire de France, the other by Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. The former has only reached the fourth volume, and, as the Society has always several works in progress, many years must elapse before M. Luce can say *exegi monumentum*; Baron de Lettenhove, on the other hand, is in sight of harbour, the volume before us being the second of the table of historical names.† Although Froissart's Chronicles have often been reprinted, it is strange that no index, either geographical or biographical, as yet exists in connexion with a work dealing with such a mass of facts and such an assemblage of persons. Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove's "Table des noms historiques" is not only a list of names, but also a collection of biographical particulars as to most of the persons who figure in the narrative. Here and there documents of considerable length are inserted; thus, under the heading "Flandres," we find a complete catalogue of the knights and squires belonging to the "battle" of Louis, Earl of Flanders, &c. When this admirable index is completed the student of Froissart will find no difficulty in identifying the various historical characters introduced by the prince of mediæval chroniclers.

The idea which M. Ravaissou conceived a few years ago of sorting the Bastille papers and publishing the more valuable amongst them was excellent, and he has thus saved from destruction a number of documents which the combined action of rats, dust, and damp was speedily rendering valueless. The eighth volume of this publication is now before us‡; it treats of what may be called the religious history of the reign of Louis XIV.; and although the revelations it contains are sufficiently tragical, they are not so repulsive as the scandalous episodes of the *Chambre des poisons*. We see that the *grand monarque* was more jealous of his own authority than even of the interests of the Church. It is true that he sent to prison a doctor of divinity who had been bold enough to turn into ridicule the Archbishops of Paris and Rouen; but at the same time he punished with confinement in the Bastille an abbé whose only offence was that he had exalted beyond measure the authority of the Holy See. The cardinal sin of the Huguenots really consisted in their daring to believe otherwise than his Most Christian Majesty; it is well known that a freethinker, such as Fontenau, was in the eyes of Louis XIV. infinitely better than a Jansenist like Antoine Arnauld. M. Ravaissou shows, from the documents published in this volume, how the edict of October 12, 1685, was merely the crowning act of a system of persecution begun as early as 1666, and which would have been consummated long before if Colbert had not interfered. The illusions entertained by the King as to the reported conversions of the Huguenots were of so extraordinary a character that they could hardly be credited if M. Ravaissou did not supply us with overwhelming evidence on the subject. We must remark that the *Archives de la Bastille*, full as they are of terrible proofs of the King's despotism, do not tell us a tithe of what was really going on, because it was in the provinces that the persecution assumed its worst features. Even the Government of Louis XIV. could not venture to deal too harshly with the Parisians. Besides the papers relating to the Protestants and the Jansenists, M. Ravaissou gives us other documents of a miscellaneous kind, all of which are highly interesting.

It was not likely that M. Emile de Laveleye's celebrated pamphlet would long remain unanswered. Baron de Haulleville§ has taken up the challenge thrown down by his fellow-countryman, and endeavours to prove that all the elements of progress which are noticeable in Protestant nations result entirely from the heaven

\* *Nouveaux portraits*. Par Kel-Kun. Paris: Lévy.

† *Paris: son histoire, ses fonctions, sa vie*. Par Maxime du Camp. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Histoire de ma vie*. Par George Sand. Vol. I. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les Saulx-Tavannes: études sur l'ancienne société française*. Par L. Pingaud. Paris: Didot.

\* *Souvenirs de règne de Louis XIV.* Par le comte de Cosnac. Tome V. Paris: Renouard.

† *Œuvres de Froissart*. Publiées par M. le baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. Vol. 16. Bruxelles: Closson.

‡ *Archives de la Bastille*. Documents inédits recueillis et publiés par M. F. Ravaissou. Vol. 8. Paris: Durand et Pedone Lauriel.

§ *De l'avenir des peuples catholiques*. Par le baron de Haulleville. Bruxelles: Staenon.



of Catholicism which they still retain in spite of themselves. This argument he applies especially to England, whose *Magna Charta*, bearing the signature of Archbishop Langton, speaks volumes, in his opinion, as to the liberal character of the true Church.

M. Foucher de Careil, as some of our readers may remember, is engaged on an edition of Leibnitz; he has made a special study of the great German philosopher, and has discussed his biography from various points of view. His present publication consists of papers read in the first instance before the French Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques\*; and gives the history of the intellectual relations which existed between Leibnitz on the one side and Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the Princess Sophia-Charlotte, on the other. The correspondence carried on among these three persons treats of metaphysical and theological questions, and gives M. Foucher de Careil ample opportunity of illustrating and explaining the system of his favourite philosopher.

We noticed some time ago M. Renan's new work; it is reviewed in detail and with much care by M. Maurice Vernes, one of the ablest contributors to the *Bibliothèque universelle*.† The same number of the *Bibliothèque* contains an interesting article on Venice in the sixteenth century, and the concluding chapter of M. Olivier's valuable reminiscences of Sainte-Beuve.

M. Achille Raffray apologizes, very needlessly, we think, for the style of his new book.‡ Accustomed, as he says, to the researches of the naturalist or the exploits of the hunter, he has had little experience as an author. We must say, however, that few books recently published in France deserve popularity better than M. Raffray's. It is essentially the work of a naturalist, but the descriptions of tropical zoology and botany are agreeably blended with details as to geography, ethnography, history, commerce, and industry; the incidents of the journey relieve the scientific element in the book; and a good map and ten engravings serve as illustrations.

General Brialmont aims at explaining what he conceives to be the true theory of fortifications.§ Amongst other fallacies which he repudiates is that which maintains that the defence of fortified places can safely be left to the care of the National Guard and the mob; whereas, as he contends, experienced troops under command of an able general are absolutely required for the purpose.

The new French Dictionary, abridged by M. Beaujean from M. Littré's larger work, is not only a lexicon of the language||, but also a handbook of geography, biography, history, and mythology; its convenient shape will make it particularly useful in the schoolroom, and its nomenclature, comprising as it does 35,222 words, is richer than even that of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*.

We have often had historical novels; M. Berthet, in the present volume, gives us a series of pre-historical romances. *Le monde inconnu*¶ comprises three tales, intended to illustrate respectively the Stone age, the Lacustrine age, and the Bronze age. No small amount of industry was required to describe the scenery, manners, and civilization of ages respecting which so very little is known. M. Berthet has studied the works of Cuvier, Le Hon, Lartet, Sir C. Lyell, and Boucher de Perthes; the result is not without interest, but the last of the stories, which brings us to the limit of historic times, is certainly the best of the three.

M. Sacher-Mazoch's *Récits galiciens*\*\* illustrate the history and habits of a country with which we are still but imperfectly acquainted, and they are good specimens of the style of a writer who seems to represent in Austria the realistic school of novelists. M. Sacher-Mazoch has found his way into the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, thanks to Mme. Bentzon as translator, and his strange composition *Le legs de Caën*, of which this volume is a part, will well repay the reader. A biographical sketch of the author serves as an introduction to the book.

Mme. Bentzon's novel†† is well put together, well written, interesting, and exciting; Countess Volonzoïff, the heroine, attractive and wicked, fascinates us notwithstanding her perversity; but we rejoice to find at last that her intended victim breaks through the nets by which he is surrounded, and baffles all her schemes. While domestic tragedy characterizes Mme. Bentzon's *Un châtiement*, in *Un coin du monde*‡‡ the principal merit is derived from the skill displayed in the delineation of drawing-room scenes and plots of the most slender character. The preface written by George Sand for M. Charot's novel§§ is no doubt one of the last things, if not the very last, that she ever wrote; the work itself betrays a careful study of *La mare au diable*, *François le Champi*, and the other rural tales of the gifted novelist. Nothing can be imagined more thoroughly "proper" than *Jacques Dumont*; we are ungrateful enough to regret that the narrative does not contain a single bad, or even doubtful, character.

\* *Leibnitz et les deux Sophie*. Par A. Foucher de Careil. Paris: Germer Baillière.

† *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. Avril 1876. Lausanne: Bridel.

‡ *Abyssinie*. Par Achille Raffray. Paris: Plon.

§ *La défense des états et les camps retranchés*. Par le général Brialmont. Paris: Germer Baillière.

|| *Petit dictionnaire universel, ou abrégé du dictionnaire de E. Littré*. Par A. Beaujean. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Le monde inconnu*. Par Elie Berthet. Paris: Dentu.

\*\* *Nouveaux récits galiciens*. Par Sacher-Mazoch. Traduction Bentzon. Paris: Lévy.

†† *Un châtiement*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Lévy.

‡‡ *Un coin du monde*. Paris: Lévy.

§§ *Jacques Dumont*. Par Médéric Charot. Paris: Lévy.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S TWO GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING the TEMPLE" (the latter just completed), each 35 by 25 feet; with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Night of the Crucifixion," "House of Caliphaz," &c. &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, Liverpool, October 11 to 18. President.—The Most Hon. The Marquis of HUNTLEY. Presidents of Departments: I. Jurisprudence, FARRER HERSCHELL, Esq., Q.C., M.P. II. Education, Rev. MARK PATTERSON, B.D. III. Health, THOMAS HAWKESLEY, Esq., C.E. IV. Economy and Trade, G. J. SHAW LEEVER, Esq., M.P. V. Art, E. J. POYNTER, Esq., R.A. President of Council, G. W. HASTINGS, Esq., Chairman of Registration of Crime Section.—T. B. J. BAKER, Esq., Full particulars may be had at the Office of the Congress, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, London; or, Town Hall, Liverpool. C. W. BYALLS, General Secretary.

SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. BEDFORD'S SCHOOL (Preparatory for the Public Schools, &c.) RE-OPENS on Thursday, September 14. BOYS received from the age of Eight. References to Canon FARRAR and others. For particulars apply to Rev. J. BEDFORD, M.A., Scarborough.

**ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.**

The WINTER SESSION will begin on Monday, October 2. The Clinical Practice of the Hospital comprises a Service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 34 Beds for Convolutes at Highgate. Students can reside in the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations. For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made personally, or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN of the College. A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

**SCHOLARSHIPS IN SCIENCE.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S**

HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.—A SCHOLARSHIP of £100 open to Students who have not entered at any Metropolitan Medical School will be offered for competition on September 27. Subjects: Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Physics. An EXHIBITION of £50, in the same Subjects, and one of £40 in the Subjects of Preliminary Education, open to Students who have entered at the Hospital in October, will be competed for in October. For particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, E.C.

**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of ART, SCIENCE, and LITERATURE.—LADIES' DIVISION.**—The Seventeenth Session, 1876-7, will OPEN on Monday, October 16. The Studios and Class-rooms are strictly private. The system is that of private tutorial instruction by the most distinguished Masters. A Student can take lessons in one or several studies at option.

Water-Colour Painting (Landscape, Architecture, &c.)	Mr. Edward Goodall.
Water-Colour Painting (Figure, Living Model, &c.)	Mr. Frederick Smallfield.
Drawing from the Figure, the Antique, &c.	Mr. W. K. Shenton.
Life, &c.	Mr. George Harris.
Painting in Oils from the Life, &c.	Rev. Alfred Anger, M.A.
English Language and Literature	Professor A. Mandron, M.A.
German	Dr. Heinemann, F.R.G.S., &c.
Italian	Cavalier Professor G. Volpe.
Latin	Rev. Alfred Anger, M.A.
General History and History of Art	Dr. G. G. Zeffi, F.R. Hist. S.
Physical Geography and Arithmetic	Mr. A. Sonnenschein.
Botany	Mr. A. W. Bennett, M.A., B.Sc. Lond.
Explanatory Demonstrations of Music	(Sir Julius Benedict, Herr Ernst Pauer, Mr. E. Prout, B.A., Miss M. E. Von-Eichlin, Sir Julius Benedict, Herr Ernst Pauer, Mr. E. Prout, B.A., Miss M. E. Von-Eichlin, John Stainer, Mus. Doc. M.A., John Stainer, Mus. Doc. M.A., J. F. Bridges, Mus. Doc. Signor Rizzelli, Madame St. Germaine, Miss Mary Hooper, M. Louis D'Evilley, Mrs. George Gilbert, Mr. G. A. Rogers.
Pianoforte	
Harmony and Musical Analysis	
Composition	
Organ	
Singing	
Cooking and Practical Domestic Economy	
Dancing, &c.	
Artistic Wood Carving	

By Order of the Committee,  
F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

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Principal—J. G. GREENWOOD, LL.D.

Dean of the Medical School—Professor GAMGEE, M.D., F.R.S.

PROFESSORS AND LECTURERS.

WINTER SESSION.

Physiology and Histology	Professor Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S.
Demonstrator and Assistant Lecturer in Physiology	John Priestley.
Anatomy, Descriptive and Practical	Professor Morrison Watson, M.D., F.R.S.E.
Demonstrator and Assistant Lecturer in Anatomy	Alfred H. Young, M.B.
Comparative Anatomy	Professor W. C. Williamson, F.R.S.
Chemistry	Professor Henry E. Roscoe, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.
Organic Chemistry	Professor C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S.
Clinical Medicine	Professor William Roberts, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Principles and Practice of Medicine	Professor J. E. Morgan, M.D., M.A. Oxon., F.R.C.P.
Surgery	Professor Edward Lund, F.R.C.S.
Practical Surgery	Samuel M. Bradley, F.R.C.S.
General Pathology and Morbid Anatomy	(Henry Simpson, M.D., Lond. Daniel John Leech, M.B., M.R.C.P. (Lond.) The Physicians to the Royal Infirmary. The Surgeons to the Royal Infirmary.
Hospital Instruction	

SUMMER SESSION.

Practical Physiology and Histology	Professor Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S.
Obstetrics	Professor John Thorburn, M.D.
Materia Medica and Therapeutics	(Alexander Somers, M.R.C.S. Daniel John Leech, M.B., M.R.C.P. (Lond.) Arthur Ransome, M.D., M.A. Cantab. Julius Dreschfeld, M.D., M.R.C.P. Thomas Windsor, M.R.C.S. Professor Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S. Professor W. C. Williamson, F.R.S. J. Bewick Perrin, M.R.C.S., F.L.S.
Medical Jurisprudence and Public Health	
Practical Morbid Histology	
Ophthalmology	
Practical Chemistry	
Botany	
Medical Tutor	

The Winter Session will be opened on October 2, with an Introductory Address by J. E. MORGAN, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P., Professor of Medicine. The Registration of former Students will take place on September 25 and 26, and of new Students on October 4 to 14. A Composition Fee of £48 in one payment, or in two payments of £25 each, admits to the whole of the Lectures required to qualify for Medical Degrees in the University of London, the Diplomas of the Royal College of Physicians, the Fellowship and Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the License of the Apothecaries' Society, and to the Class of Practical Anatomy for Two Winter Sessions. A further fee of £48 admits to the Hospital Course at the Royal Infirmary. Prospectuses will be forwarded on application.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.—SESSION 1876-7.**

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

The First Matriculation Examination for the Session 1876-7 will be held on Friday, October 20.

The Examinations for Scholarships and Exhibitions of the first year will commence on Monday, October 23; for Scholarships and Exhibitions of the Second Year, on Thursday, the 19th.

By a recent regulation of the Council, all Scholarships and Exhibitions of the Second, Third, and Fourth Years may now be competed for by Students who have attained the requisite standing in any Medical School recognized by the Senate of the Queen's University, and have passed the Matriculation Examination in the College.

At the ensuing Examination, Eight Scholarships of the value of £25 each will be offered for competition—viz., Two to Students of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth years respectively. In addition, Four Exhibitions of £12 each will be offered; Two to Students of the First, and Two to Students of the Second and Fourth Years respectively; and Two Exhibitions of £16 each—one to Students of the Third and Fourth Years respectively.

All Scholars are exempt from payment of a moiety of the fee for the compulsory classes. This rule does not apply to the Class of Medical Jurisprudence. Further information and copies of the Prospectus may be had on application to the REGISTRAR.

August 25, 1876.

By Order of the President,

T. W. MOFFETT, LL.D., Registrar.

**WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL**

(opposite Westminster Abbey).—WINTER SESSION will commence on October 2. Examination for the Entrance Scholarships on October 4 and 5. The published Calendar will be forwarded on application.

GEORGE COWELL, Dean.

**ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.**

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

During the Twenty-sixth Session, 1876-77, which will commence on October 2 the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

1. Chemistry.—By E. Frankland, Ph.D., F.R.S.
2. Metallurgy.—By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S.
3. Natural History.—By F. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy.—By W. W. Smith, M.A., F.R.S., Chairman.
5. Mining.—By John W. Judd.
6. Geology.—By T. M. Gooden, M.A.
7. Applied Mechanics.—By T. M. Gooden, M.A.
8. Physics.—By Frederick Guthrie, Ph.D., F.R.S.
9. Mechanical Drawing.—By Rev. J. H. Edgar, M.A.

The Lecture Fees for Students desirous of becoming Associates are £30 in one sum, on entrance, or two Annual Payments of £15, exclusive of the Laboratory. Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at £3 and £4 each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, Acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices. Science Teachers are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees. For a Prospectus and information apply to the REGISTRAR, Royal School of Mines, Jernyn Street, London, S.W.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

**ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, Albert Embankment, West-**

minster Bridge, S.E.—The MEDICAL SESSION for 1876 and 1877 will COMMENCE on Monday, October 2, 1876, on which occasion an ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. FRANCIS MASON, at Four o'clock.

Gentlemen are informed that the Admission Fees to Practice and to all the Lectures may be paid in one of two ways:

- 1st. One Hundred Guinea, paid on entrance, entitles a Student to unlimited attendance.
- 2nd. Payment by three instalments, namely, of £40 at the beginning of the first year, £40 at the beginning of the second year, and £20 at the beginning of the third year, entitles a Student after payment of the third instalment to unlimited attendance.

Special Entries may be made to any Course of Lectures, or to the Hospital Practice; and a modified Scale of Fees is arranged for Students entering in their Second, Third, or any subsequent year.

**MEDICAL OFFICERS.**

Honorary Consulting Physicians.—Dr. Barker and Dr. J. Riddon Bennett.

Honorary Consulting Surgeon.—Mr. Frederick Le Gros Clark.

Physicians.—Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Murchison, Dr. Stone.

Obstetric Physician.—Dr. Gervis.

Surgeons.—Mr. Simon, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. Croft, Mr. MacCormac.

Ophthalmic Surgeon.—Mr. Liebreich.

Assistant-Physicians.—Dr. Ord, Dr. J. Harley, Dr. Payne.

Assistant-Obstetric Physician.—Dr. Cory.

Assistant-Surgeons.—Mr. F. Mason, Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe, Mr. A. O. MacKellar.

Dental Surgeon.—Mr. J. W. Elliott.

Assistant-Dental Surgeon.—Mr. W. G. Ranger.

Resident Assistant-Physician.—Dr. Sharkey.

Resident Assistant-Surgeon.—Mr. Clutton.

Apothecary.—Mr. S. Flouman.

**LECTURERS.**

Medicine.—Dr. Bristowe and Dr. Murchison. Surgery.—Mr. Sydney Jones and Mr. MacCormac. General Pathology.—Dr. Payne. Physiology and Practical Physiology.—Dr. Ord and Dr. John Harley. Demonstration in Physiology.—Dr. T. Cranston Charles. Descriptive Anatomy.—Mr. Francis Mason and Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe. Anatomical Demonstrations in the Dissection Room.—The Anatomical Lecturers.—Dr. B. W. Reid, and Assistants. Special Anatomical and Microscopical Demonstrations.—Mr. Kaine. Practical and Manipulative Surgery.—Mr. Croft and Mr. MacKellar. Chemistry and Practical Chemistry.—Dr. A. J. Bernays. Midwifery.—Dr. Gervis. Physics and Natural Philosophy.—Dr. Stone. Materia Medica.—Dr. Payne. Forensic Medicine.—Dr. Stone. Comparative Anatomy.—Mr. C. Stewart. Ophthalmic Surgery.—Mr. Liebreich. Botany.—Mr. A. W. Bennett. Dental Surgery.—Mr. J. W. Elliott and Mr. W. G. Ranger. Demonstrations of Morbid Anatomy.—Dr. Greenfield. Lectures on Morbid Anatomy and Practical Pathology.—Dr. Greenfield. Mental Diseases.—Dr. Wm. Rhys Williams. State Medicine.—Dr. Alfred Carpenter.

W. M. ORD, M.B., Dean.

B. G. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary.

Any further information required will be afforded by Mr. WHITFIELD.

**HYDE PARK COLLEGE, 115 Gloucester Terrace,**

Hyde Park.

The JUNIOR TERM begins September 16.

The SENIOR TERM November 1.

Prospectuses, containing Names of Professors, &c. &c., can be had on application to the LADY-RESIDENT.

**LADIES' COLLEGE, POLYGON HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON.**

Patrons.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.

The Right Hon. Viscount EVERLEY.

The Right Hon. Lord NORTHBROOK.

President.—The Right Hon. COWPER-TEMPLE, M.P.

The AUTUMN TERM commences September 16 for Boarders, and September 18 for Day Students.

Instruction is given by Professors in Literature, Science, and Art. English and Foreign Governments reside in the College.

For particulars, application should be made to the Lady Principal, (MISS DANIEL), Polygon House, Southampton.

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